

NO.
9

BLACK HOOD

comics

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

WINTER ISSUE 10c



I THE
BLACK HOOD
DO SOLEMNLY
SWEAR THAT
NEITHER THREATS...
NOR BRIBES...
NOR BULLETS... NOR
DEATH ITSELF
SHALL KEEP ME
FROM FULFILLING
MY SACRED VOW...
TO ERASE
CRIME FROM THE
FACE OF THE
EARTH!!

Plus - the
HANGMAN Plus the
BOY
BUDDIES



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THE BLACK HOOD

MAN
of
MYSTERY

How
to
kill
the
Black
Hood

TEACHER!
LOOK!

Crime goes to college



OUR SCENE OPENS ON A VERY STRANGE CHARACTER - A VERY STRANGE CHARACTER INDEED, WITH A STRANGE PAST. STEP UP AND MEET... **MARKOV!**



BAH! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT PARIS! I COULD HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE SURETE! AND THOSE GESTAPO HOUNDS WOULD NOT CARE SO LONG AS I STOLE FROM FRENCHMEN!

I CANNOT STOOP TO THE PETTY CRIMES OF THESE AMERICAN THIEVES. THEY HAVE NO IMAGINATION! I WILL STARVE BEFORE I WILL SINK SO LOW AS TO PICK POCKETS!



BUT GREEDY EYES ARE FIXED ON MARKOV... FOR MEN, LACKING HIS FINER SCRUPLES, HAVE SIZED HIM UP AS A VICTIM -



DON'T LOOK AS THOUGH HE'LL PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT!



GET READY...



JUMP HIM!



I'LL HOLD HIM! HURRY!

HIS POCKETS ARE EMPTY!

SO ARE YOUR HEADS EMPTY... TO JUDGE FROM THE SOUND!

WHAT TH...
OOOOO...WWW





I CANNOT MAKE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO BREAK YOUR ARM OR YOUR NECK!

LEMME GO GIMME A BREAK!

DO NOT SQUEAL SO MUCH! I AM NOT ANGRY FOR YOU ONLY SORRY!

YOU'RE N NOT HALF AS S. SORRY AS I AM!



NO WONDER YOUR AMERICAN JAILS ARE FULL! YOU ARE SO STUPID.. YOU NEED AN EDUCATION! SACRE BLEU! THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I SHALL DO!



COME WITH ME! DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE OR I SHALL BE FORCED TO TAKE MEASURES!

WE'RE COMIN'

So MARKOV'S FANTASTIC IDEA WAS BORN. A CRIME SCHOOL! A PLACE WHERE THE IGNORANT WERE TAUGHT--HOW TO AVOID THE POLICE! A COURSE WHOSE GRADUATES WENT FORTH INTO THE WORLD, FIRED BY THE ENTHUSIASM TO MAKE GOOD--AT OTHER PEOPLE'S EXPENSE! MARKOV FLOURISHED AND SO DID CRIME....



ONE-TWO! ONE-TWO! SNAP INTO IT! CRIMINALS CANNOT AFFORD TO BE SOFT OR FLABBY!

BUT IN THE APARTMENT BENEATH
MARKOV --

IT'S THAT CRAZY
SCHOOL TEACHER!
HE'S SHAKING
THE FLOOR
SO MUCH!

I TRIED TALKING
TO HIM! BUT HE
S A VERY
STRANGE,
VIOLENT SORT
OF MAN!



WELL I WON'T PUT
UP WITH THIS RACKET!
I'LL CALL THE
POLICE!



YOU, AN'
YER
SCIENTIFIC
HOTSY POTSY!
I TELL YA,
KIP...

YES! I KNOW!
YOU'VE BEEN
25 YEARS ON
THE FORCE
SERGEANT
MC. GINTY, AND
YOU'VE ALWAYS
CAUGHT CROOKS
WITH YOUR
NIGHT STICK!



THAT'S RIGHT,
DAGNABBIT! AND
THAT'S THE WAY
YOU'D CATCH
THAT **BLACK
HOOD**, IF...

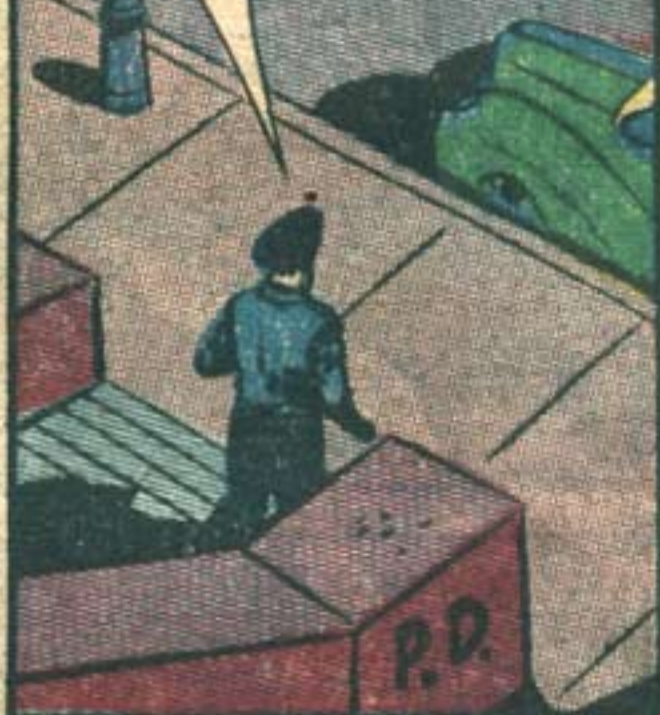
BETTER
ANSWER
THE PHONE
SARGE!



BURLAND! SOME WOMAN COM-
PLAINED ABOUT TOO MUCH
NOISE IN THE APARTMENT
OVER HERS! GET DOWN THERE
RIGHT AWAY!



I SURE GET
THE INTERESTING
ASSIGNMENTS! MC. GINTY
TRYING TO MAKE SURE
I DON'T GET INTO
TROUBLE!



IT'S A CINCH NOTHING
EXCITING WILL HAPPEN AROUND
HERE!... OPEN UP INSIDE!



THERE'S BEEN
COMPLAINTS
ABOUT TOO
MUCH NOISE!
YOU'LL HAVE
TO QUIET
DOWN!



I SHALL CAUTION
MY STUDENTS TO
BE A LITTLE
MORE QUIET!

HE'S
GONE!

DO YOU THINK
HE SUSPECTED
ANYTHING?

ABC
DEFG
HIJKL

OF COURSE NOT! HAVE
I NOT TAUGHT YOU THAT
THE POLICE SUSPECT
ONLY THE OBVIOUS... WE
SHALL PROCEED WITH
OUR LESSONS FOR THE
DAY!

KIP BURLAND IS BY NO MEANS AN
ORDINARY POLICEMAN -

I SAW DIP FENELLI AND
ROD ROGERS IN THERE!
THOSE THUGS CAN'T
BE GOING TO SCHOOL
JUST FOR AN
EDUCATION!

SOMETHING'S
FISHY ABOUT
THAT SET-UP!
SO THE BLACK
HOOD IS GOING
BACK TO
SCHOOL!

I CAN GET
A BETTER
LOOK FROM
OUT HERE!

NOW, BEFORE WE BEGIN
TODAY'S LESSONS, I'LL
TAKE A LOOK AT
YOUR HOMEWORK!

HOW TO
ROB A
BANK

DID YOU DO
TODAY'S
ASSIGNMENT,
LIGHT FINGER?

YOU BETCHA,
TEACHER,
HERE IT IS!

DOWN THE ROWS OF EAGER STUDENTS MARKOV GOES, COLLECTING HIS SHARE OF THEIR "HOMEWORK", UNTIL

I... I DIDN'T DO MY HOMEWORK, TEACHER!

WHAT!



I COULDN'T HELP IT! THE WATCHMAN TURNED IN AN ALARM AN' I HADDA BEAT IT!

A POOR EXCUSE!



TODAY'S LESSON WILL TAKE UP VARIOUS METHODS OF GAINING ENTRANCE TO THE BANK! AFTER THE GUARDS ARE DISPOSED OF.

JUST FOR THAT, YOU'LL STAY IN AFTER SCHOOL! YOU CAN'T LEAVE WITH THE OTHERS TO ROB THE SIXTH NATIONAL BANK!

GOSH! I NEVER HAVE FUN!



HOW TO ROB A BANK!

HOW DO WE DO IT, TEACHER?

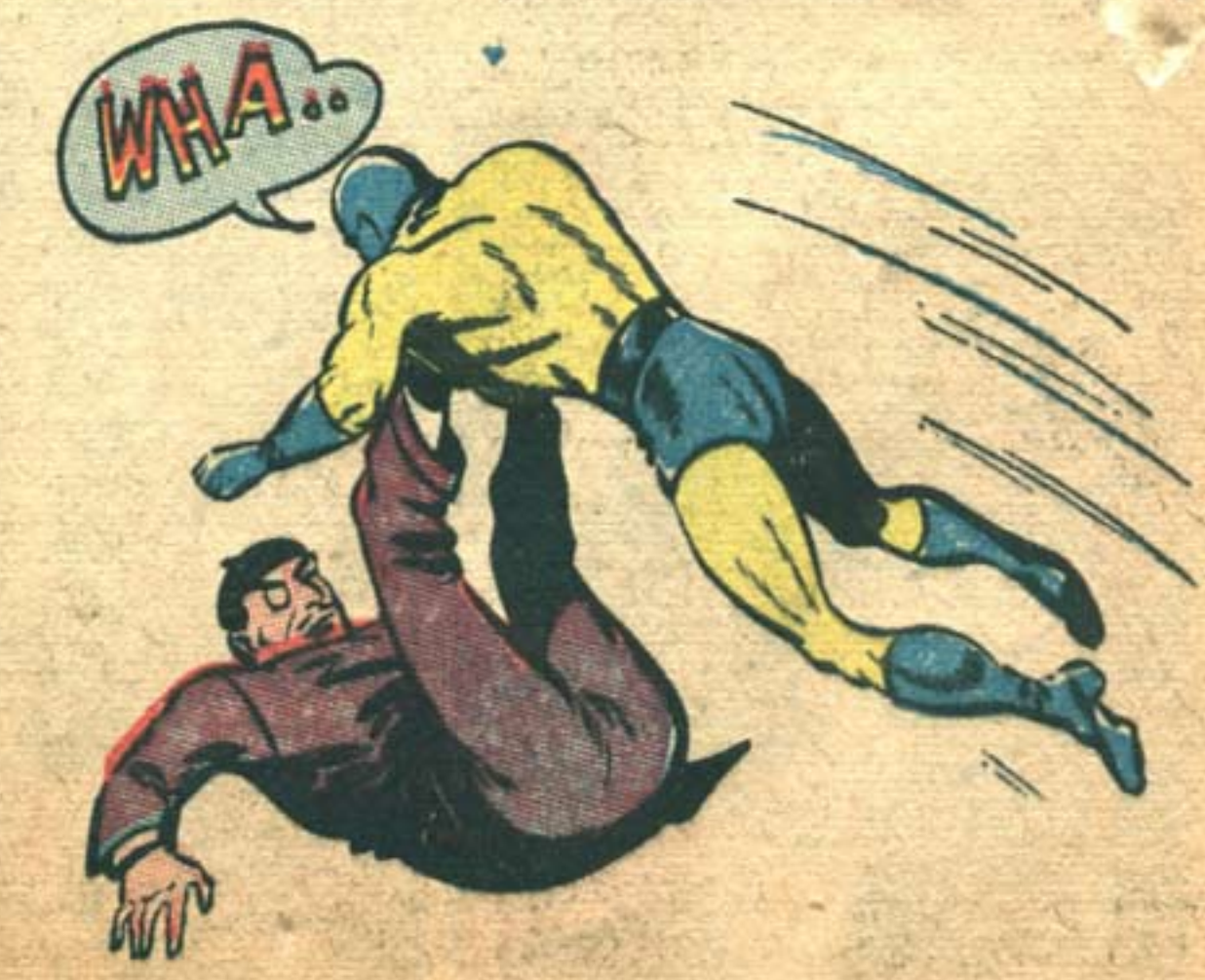
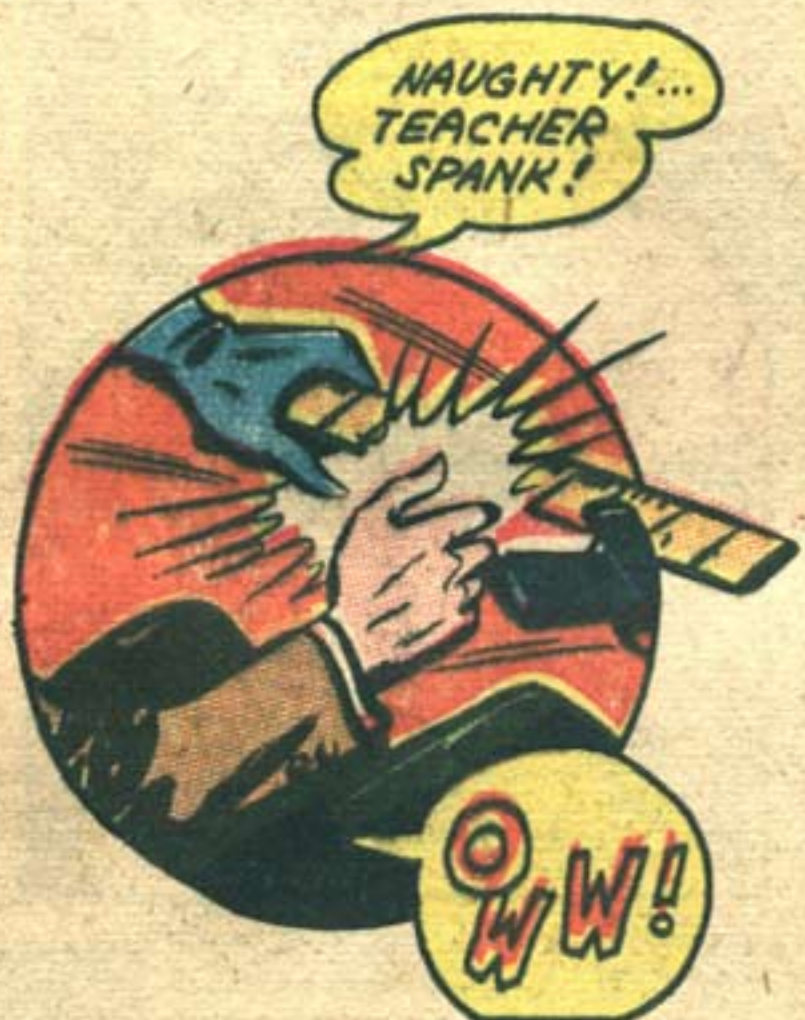
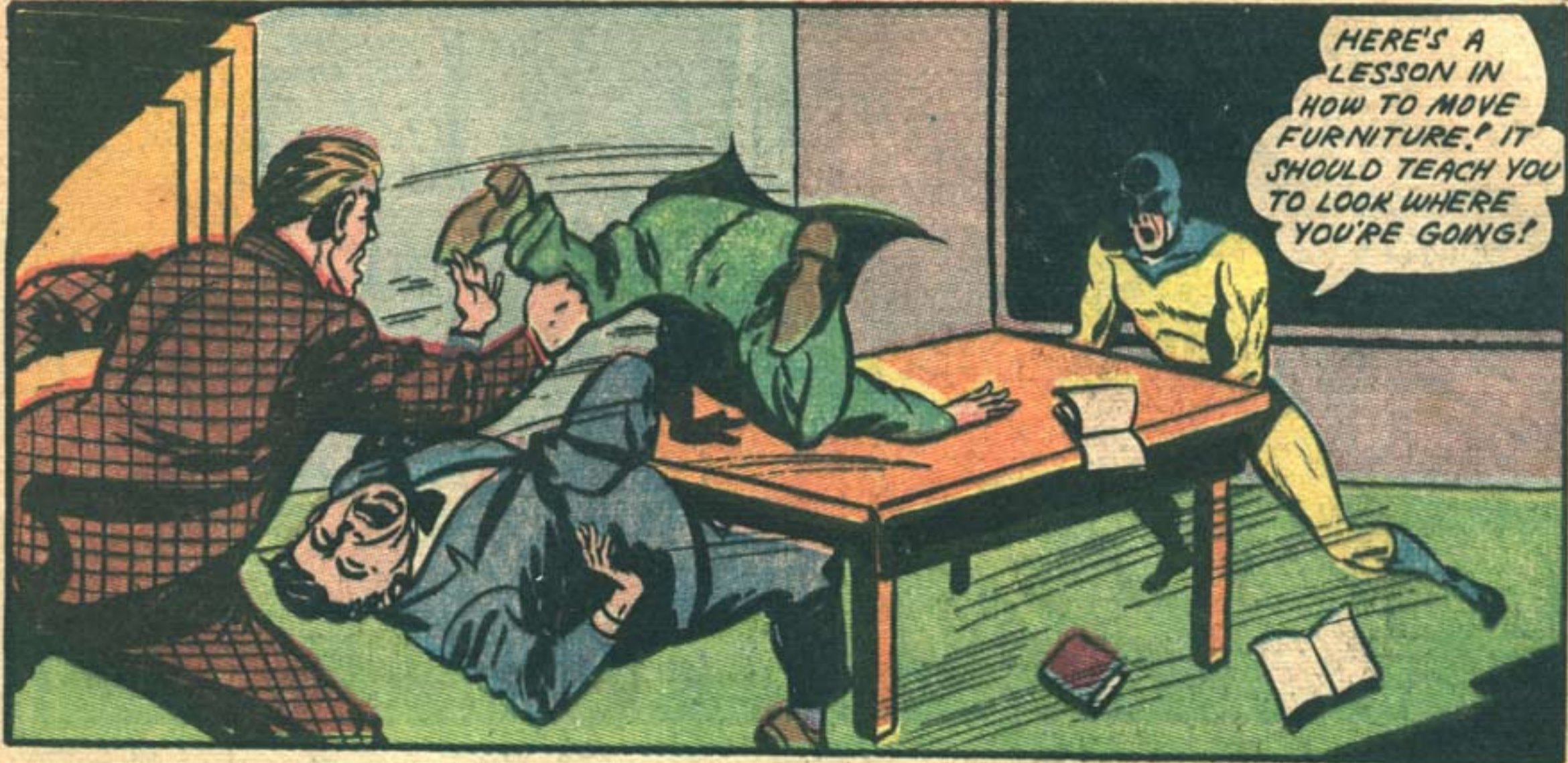


DON'T INTERRUPT! I... ER... GULP!

THE BLACK HOOD! GET HIM STUDENTS!

I'LL ERASE YOU FIRST!



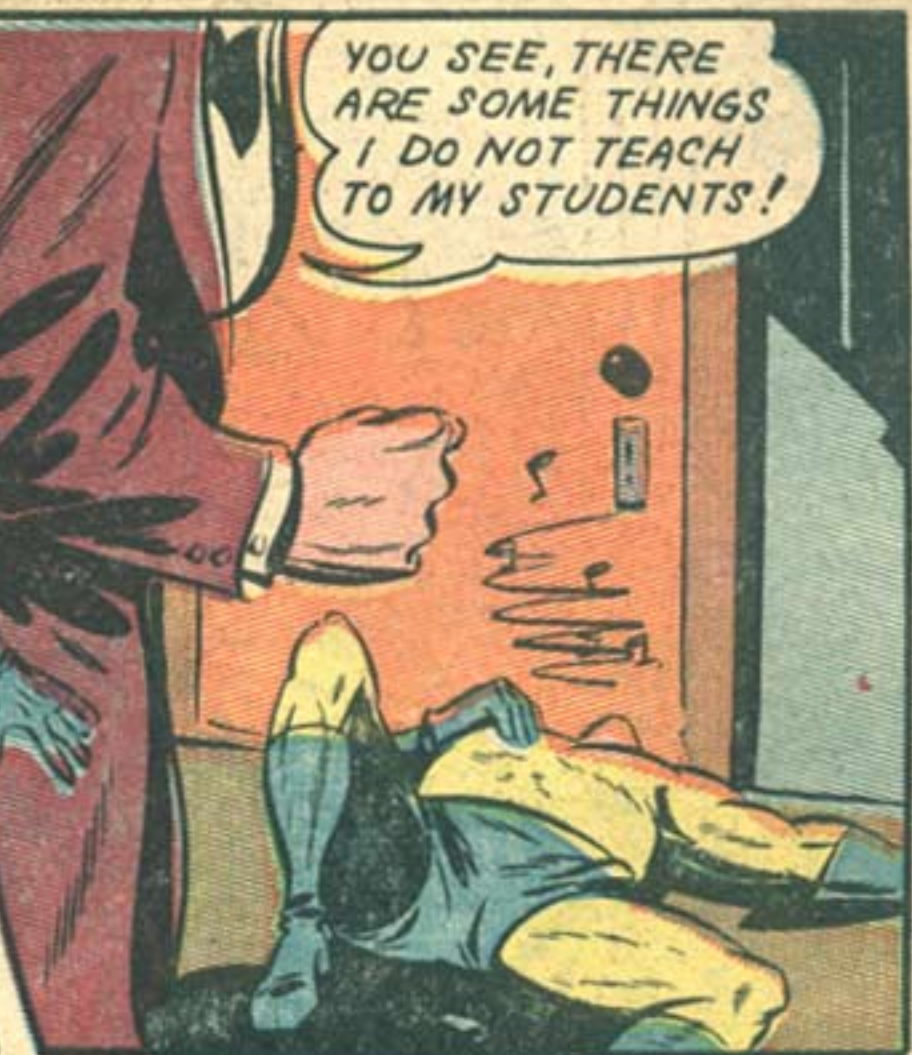


NOW I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!

Oooooh

CRACK

YOU SEE, THERE ARE SOME THINGS I DO NOT TEACH TO MY STUDENTS!



SOMETIME LATER, WHEN THE BLACK HOOD RECOVERS—

W.. WHERE AM I?



A DUNCE CAP! A VERY APPROPRIATE SYMBOL... AND A USEFUL METHOD OF EXECUTION!



WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO?

YOU WILL NOTE THE DUNCE CAP IS MADE OF COPPER! COPPER IS AN EXCELLENT CONDUCTOR OF ELECTRICITY, AND THAT SPELLS YOUR FINISH, MY DEAR HOOD!



THIS DYNAMO GENERATES AN INTENSE MAGNETIC FIELD! MAGNETISM CREATES ELECTRICITY IN THE SURROUNDING AIR... UNTIL THE COPPER IN THE DUNCE CAP WILL BE CHARGED TO A FATAL VOLTAGE!



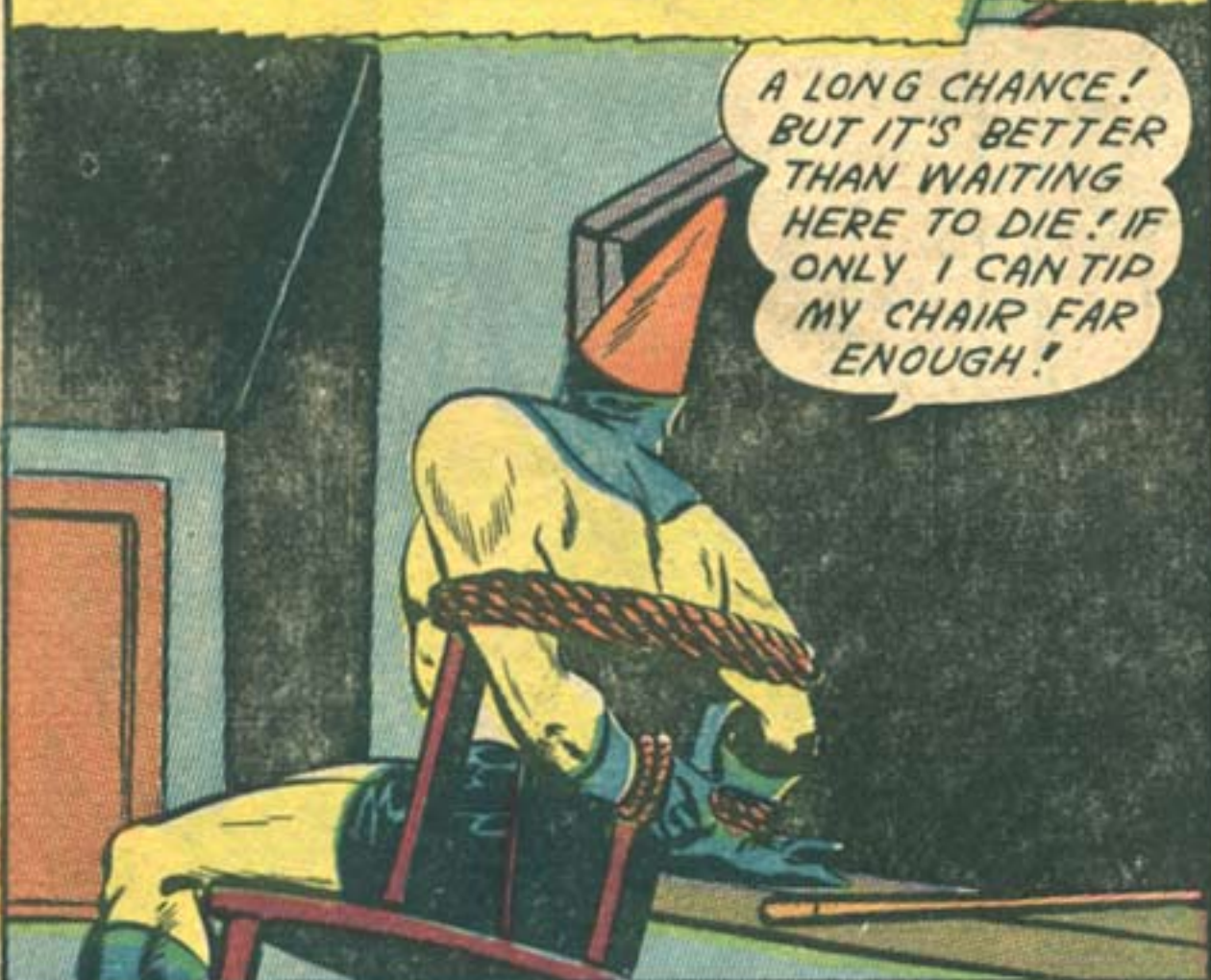
I HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED YOUR LESSON IN PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY... AND NOW FAREWELL! MY STUDENTS HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT AT THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK AND I MUST KEEP THEIR NOSES TO THE GRINDSTONE!



MARKOV CERTAINLY DREAMED UP A FANTASTIC MURDER METHOD! BUT IT'S GOING TO WORK... UNLESS I DO SOMETHING QUICK!



GLANCING ABOUT HIM, THE BLACK HOOD'S EYES FALL UPON A BLACKBOARD POINTER-



A LONG CHANCE! BUT IT'S BETTER THAN WAITING HERE TO DIE! IF ONLY I CAN TIP MY CHAIR FAR ENOUGH!

I'VE GOT IT!



WHAT POSSIBLE HELP CAN AN ORDINARY BLACKBOARD POINTER BE?... SLOWLY THE BLACK HOOD EXTENDS IT TOWARD THE DYNAMO -



JUST A LITTLE FURTHER!

THE METAL EDGE OF THE POINTER CONTACTS THE MOTOR OF THE SPINNING DYNAMO AND -



MADE IT! THE CONTACT OF TWO DIFFERENTLY CHARGED METALS CAUSED A SHORT CIRCUIT!... NOW TO GET FREE OF THESE BONDS



A SHORT WHILE LATER

LUCKY FOR ME I KNEW AS MUCH ABOUT ELECTRICITY AS TEACHER DID!



I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE PROFESSOR! AND I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM BEFORE HIS CLASS IS DISMISSED!



AT THIS MOMENT, MARKOV IS WAITING NEAR THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK... IN A STRANGE DISGUISE-

YOU'RE A VERY BACKWARD PUPIL! BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO ASK QUESTIONS! DO AS I SAY!

I STILL DON'T GET THE IDEA OF THE FIREMAN'S SUIT! AND WHY AM I RINGIN' THE FIRE ALARM?



THE ALARM IS FLASHED TO PRECINCT 71....

ROLL OUT THE CAR! THERE'S A FIRE AT ELM AND MAPLE!



!!!\$? WHERE DID KIP BURLAND DISAPPEAR TO?

HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HERE NOW!



I SENT HIM TO INVESTIGATE A NOISY APARTMENT HOUSE- AND HE'S GONE ALL DAY. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE REALLY HAD A JOB TO DO?



WHERE'S THE FIRE?

IN THE BUILDING ON THE CORNER! THE OTHER FIRE MEN ARE THERE NOW!



MOMENTS LATER, MARKOV AND HIS STUDENTS IN CRIME MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE NEARBY BANK-

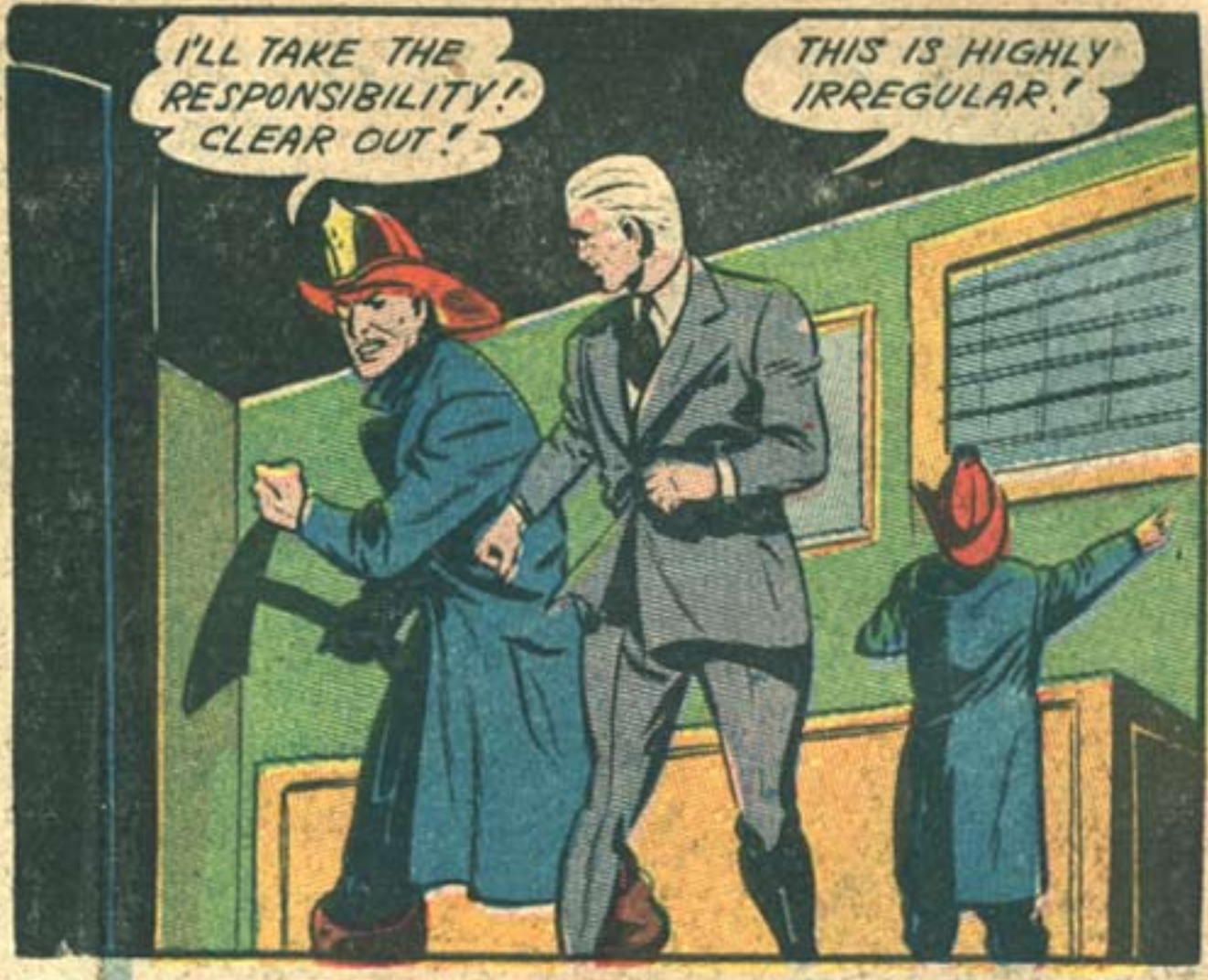
EVERYBODY CLEAR OUT! THE FIRE MAY SPREAD TO THIS BUILDING!





YOU TOO!
YOU'RE NO
EXCEPTION!

BUT I'M THE
MANAGER! SOME-
ONE MUST REMAIN
IN THE BANK!



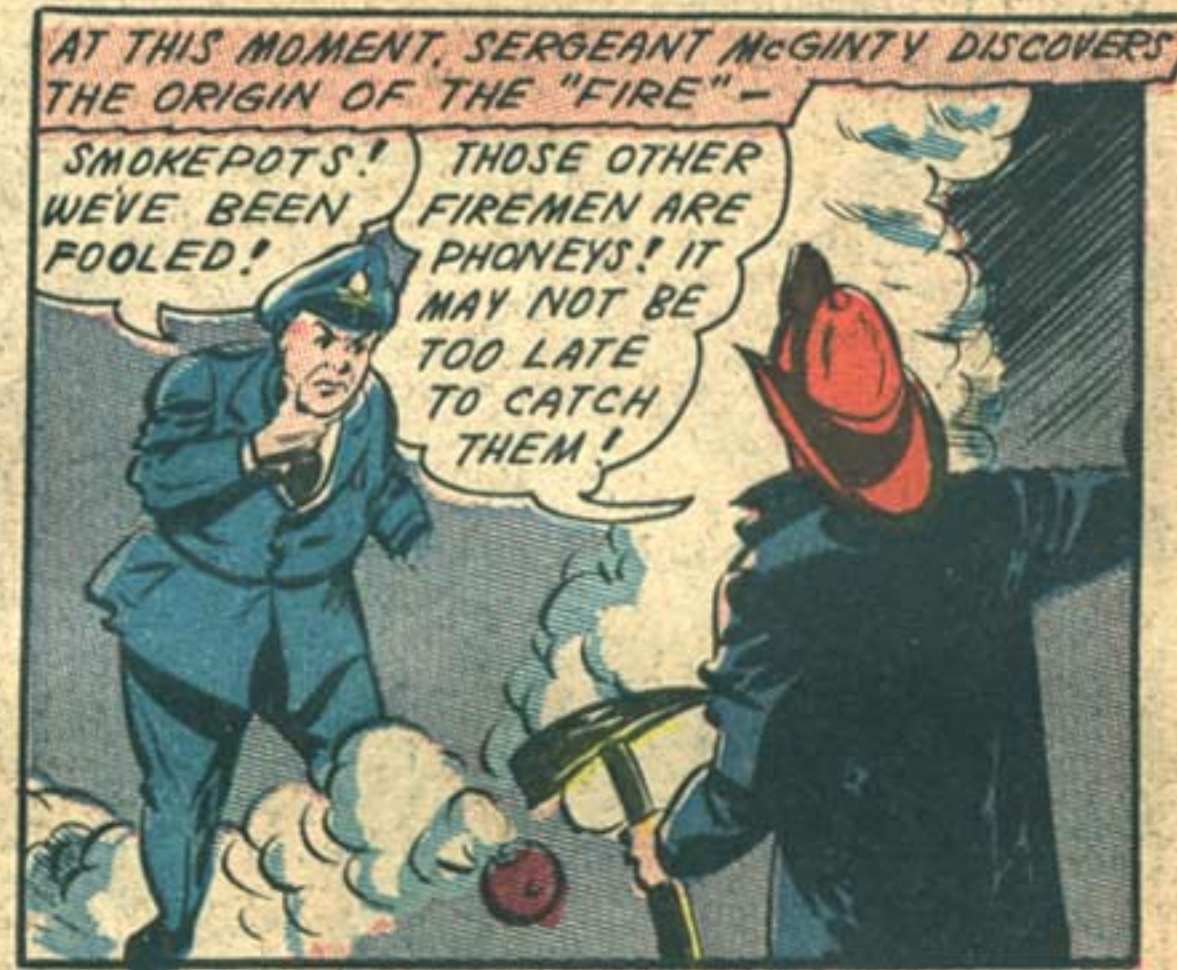
I'LL TAKE THE
RESPONSIBILITY!
CLEAR OUT!

THIS IS HIGHLY
IRREGULAR!



MARKOV! I GOTTA HAND IT
TO YOU! BEFORE THEY FIND
OUT WE AIN'T REAL FIRE MEN,
WE'LL CLEAN OUT THIS JOINT!

A LITTLE OUTSID-
STUDY IS ALWA-
ER.. PROFITABLE
EH STUDENTS



AT THIS MOMENT, SERGEANT MCGINTY DISCOVERS
THE ORIGIN OF THE "FIRE" -

SMOKEPOTS!
WE'VE BEEN
FOOLED!

THOSE OTHER
FIREMEN ARE
PHONEYS! IT
MAY NOT BE
TOO LATE
TO CATCH
THEM!



HALT! IN THE
NAME OF THE
LAW!

IT'S THE
COPS! WHAT
NOW
PROFESSOR?



MARKOV HURLS A BOMB THAT
EXPLODES INTO A CHOKING,
BROWN FOG -

YE OW!
I'M
BLIND!

A GOOD
TEACHER MUST
BE PREPARED
FOR EVERY-
THING! THIS
SMOKE BOMB
CONTAINS XYLIL
BROMIDE, A
HIGHLY EFFECTIVE
TEAR GAS!



THE BLACK HOOD!
IT...IT ISN'T
POSSIBLE!

YOU'LL
FIND OUT
IN A
MINUTE!



SO YOUR BOYS
HAVE TAKEN UP
FIREFIGHTING!



BUT I'VE
GOT WHAT IT
TAKES TO
PUT THEM
OUT!

CRACK!



LEAVING
SO SOON
PROFESSOR?



SCHOOL
ISN'T OVER
FOR THE DAY!
NOT UNTIL I'VE
FINISHED WITH
YOU!



DID I NEGLECT TO
TEACH YOU ABOUT
THE STRIKING
POWER OF CONCENTRATED
WATER?



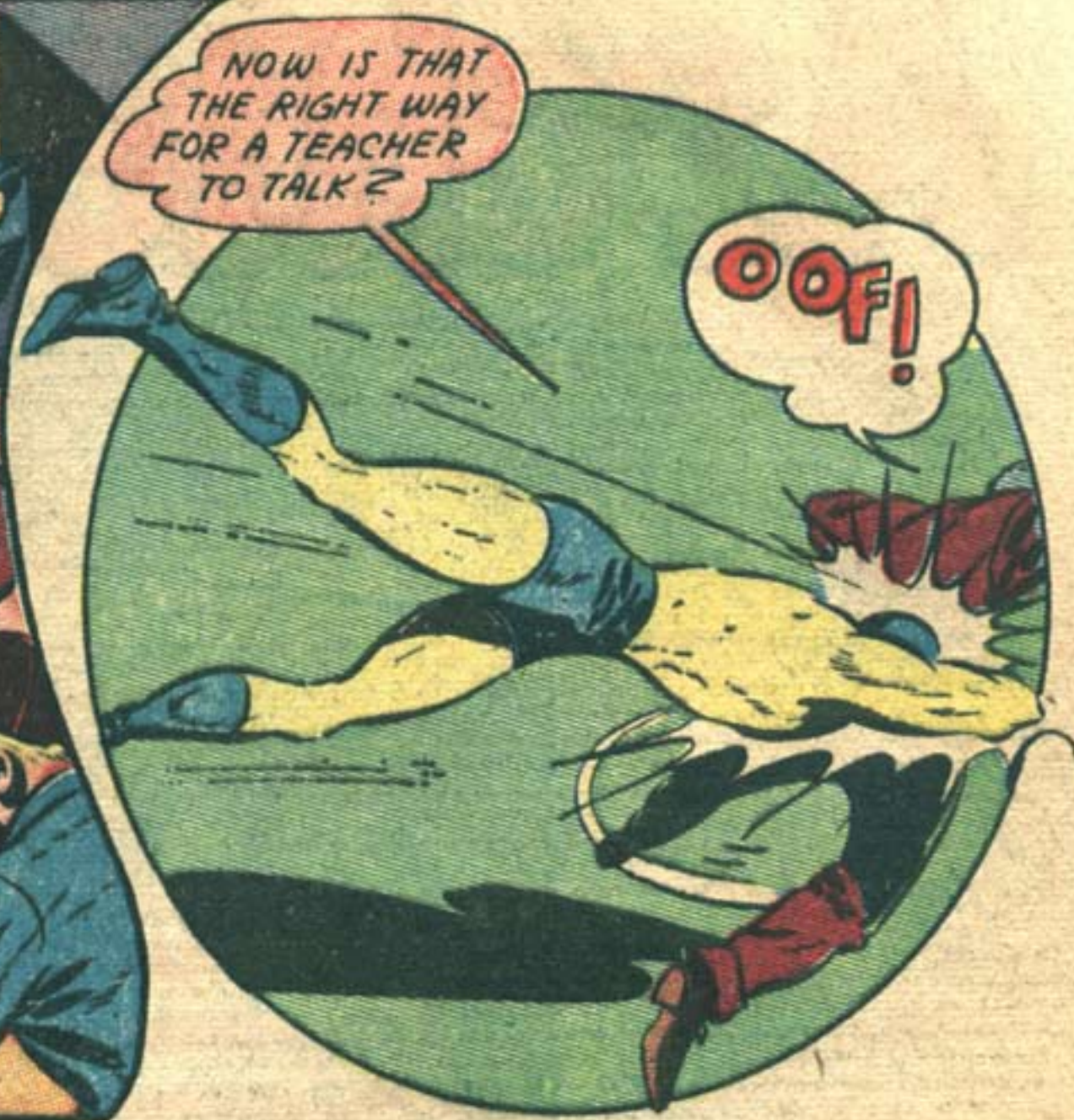
HE'LL NEVER
CATCH ME NOW!
HA-HA! IF I DIDN'T KNOW
I WAS A GENIUS, I'D THINK
I WAS A GENIUS!

BUT MARKOV'S PATH IS BLOCKED BY A MOB OF CHILDREN EMERGING FROM SCHOOL

OUT OF MY WAY YOU LITTLE BRATS! I'M IN A HURRY!



NOW IS THAT THE RIGHT WAY FOR A TEACHER TO TALK?



OOOF!

HAVEN'T YOU READ ANY BOOKS ON MODERN EDUCATION?

IT'S THE BLACK HOOD! GOSH!

OOOOOF!



BUT THE BLACK HOOD IS STILL AT LARGE! THAT'S YOUR JOB, KIP!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SARGE! I'LL STICK TO HIM LIKE HIS OWN SHADOW! I PROMISE!

SERGEANT MCGINTY WILL BE ALONG PRESENTLY! TURN THIS CROOK OVER TO HIM... WITH THE BLACK HOOD'S COMPLIMENTS!

GEE! YOU BET WE WILL!



NEXT DAY-- AT THE STATION HOUSE OF PRECINCT 71--

WHAT ARE THE DARK GLASSES FOR, SARGE?

THAT TEAR GAS! IN MY TWENTY YEARS ON THE FORCE, I NEVER MET A TOUGHER CROOK THAN MARKOV! BUT I PUT HIM SAFELY BEHIND BARS!



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MARKOV? LET US LOOK IN ON A QUIET PRISON SCHOOL ROOM TO SEE THE MASTER ROGUE AT WORK -

AND SO FELLOW PRISONERS, IT IS MY SAD DUTY TO TELL YOU THAT CRIME DEFINITELY DOES NOT PAY!



YOU SAID IT PROFESSOR!

END

Archie

is an MLJ feature

JUMPIN' GEE!!
I WOULDN'T WANT
TO BE IN ARCHIE'S
PLACE FOR
ANYTHING!

HA! HA! YEAH, HE
SURE IS HOT
STUFF!

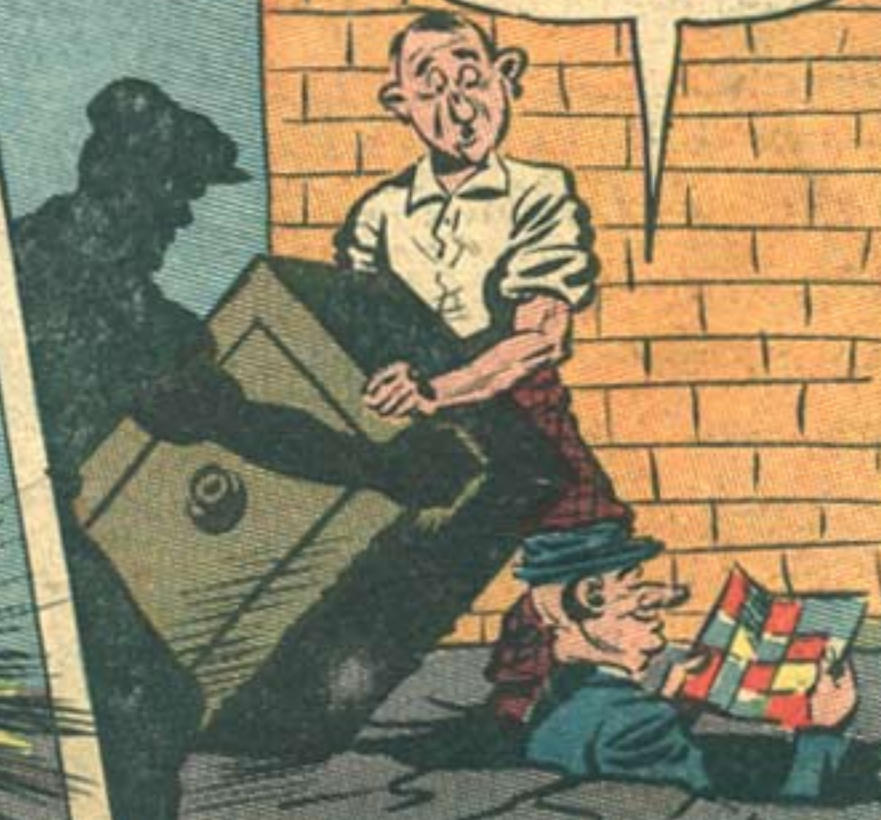
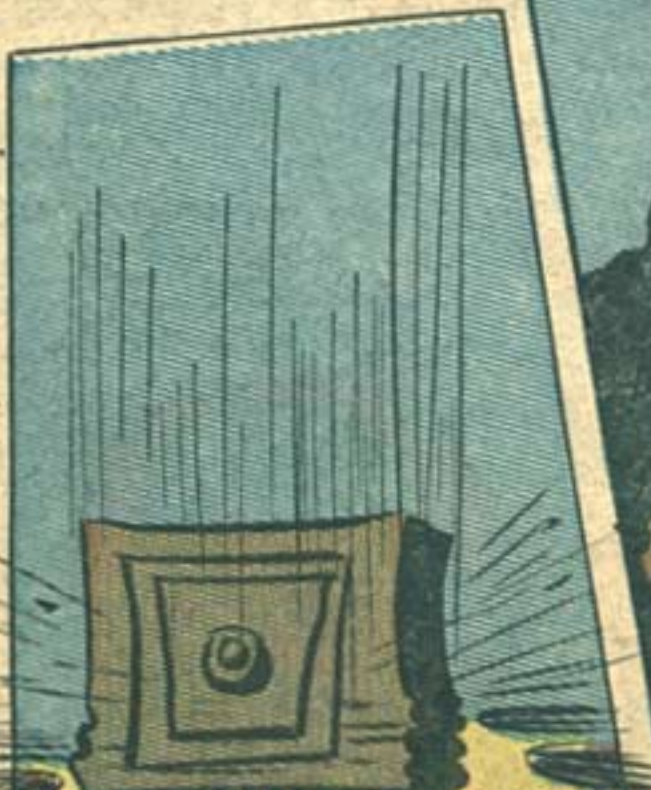
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WATCH
OUT
BELOW!

DANGER
ZONE

HEH! HEH
THE TROUBLE
THAT KID, ARCHIE
GETS INTO!



The **BLACK HOOD**

MAN of MYSTERY



THE CASE OF

THE MEDICAL MURDERER

IN HIS PRIVATE HOSPITAL, DR. WALTER ANTHONY SPENDS LONG HOURS IN MEDICAL RESEARCH..

MAY I SPEAK TO YOU, DOCTOR?

I'M BUSY.. VERY BUSY!



BUT THE CREDITORS DEMAND PAYMENT OF THESE BILLS!

HOW DARE YOU BOTHER ME WITH FINANCES! THIS IS A PLACE OF SCIENCE.. NOT AN ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE!



AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR FROM THE HOSPITAL..

GET OUT.. GET OUT, I SAY!

BUT.. BUT THEY THREATEN TO CLOSE THE HOSPITAL!

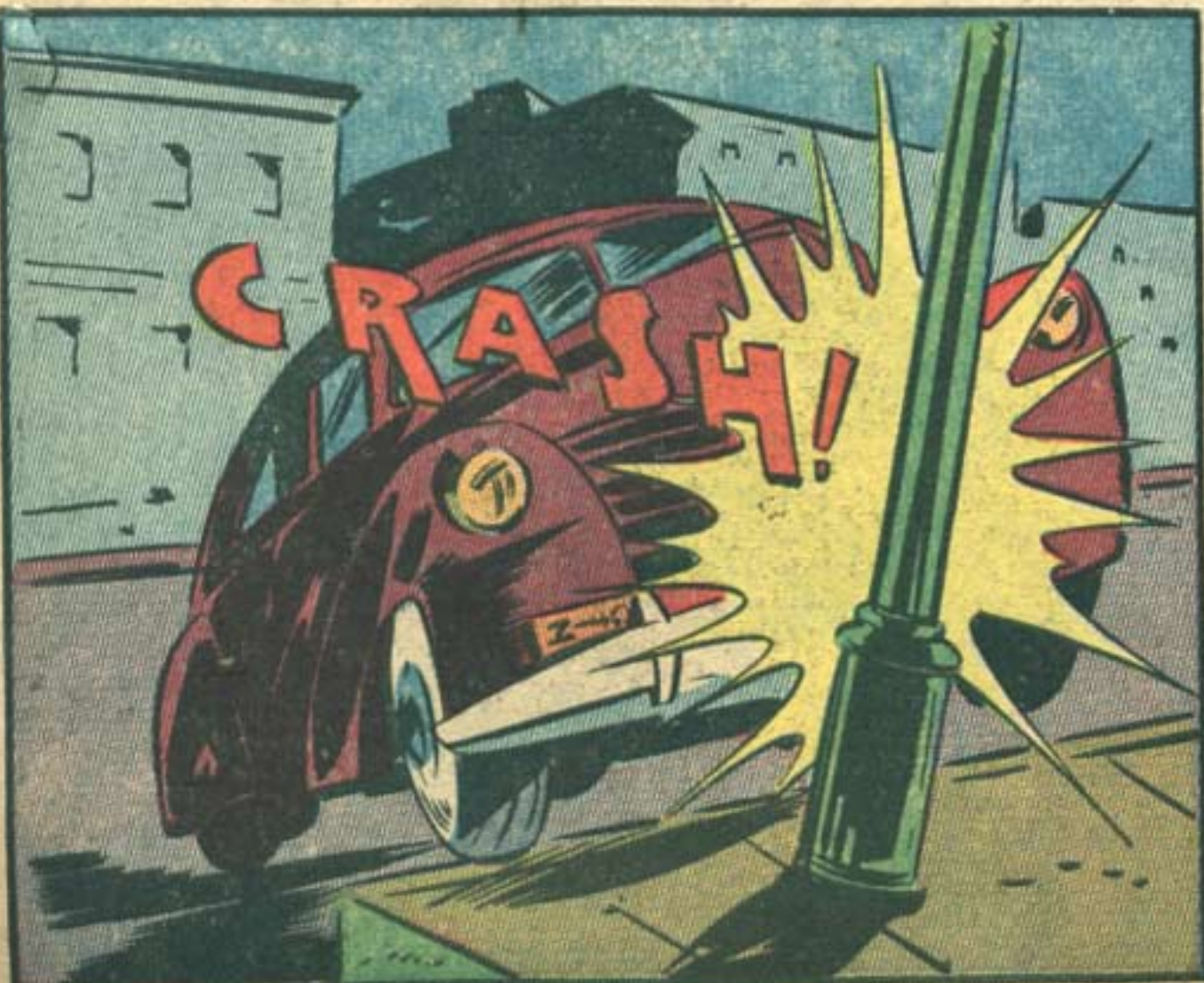


FASTER, YOU LUG! FASTER!

SHE'S ALL OUT NOW, KILLER!



CRASH!



SNOWBIRD'S DONE FOR! I'M LUCKY TO GET OUT ALIVE!





CAN'T AFFORD TO STOP.. GOTTA KEEP GOIN'.. HOOD'S HOT ON MY TRAIL!



A HOSPITAL.. GOTTA GET A DOCTOR.. FEEL ALL BUSTED UP INSIDE!



WHERE'S THE DOC?

YOU CAN'T DISTURB HIM! HE'S BUSY!



OUTA MY WAY, PUNK!



DOC, YOU GOTTA HELP ME! I'LL PAY.. PLENTY! ONLY DON'T TELL THE COPS.. I



NURSE! COME QUICKLY!



THIS MAN'S BADLY HURT! PREPARE HIM FOR SURGERY AT ONCE!

Y.. YES, DOCTOR!



MEANWHILE...

THIS IS KILLER KANE'S CAR! HE CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR!



I'LL TRACK HIM DOWN IF I HAVE TO FOLLOW TWICE AROUND THE WORLD!



BUT AS THE BLACK HOOD GRIMLY PICKS UP HIS TRAIL, KILLER KANE LIES MOTIONLESS IN AN OPERATING ROOM!

HE'LL LIVE!
YOU WERE WONDERFUL DOCTOR



AS DR. ANTHONY EMERGES FROM HIS OPERATING ROOM...

DOCTOR! DID A WOUNDED MAN JUST COME IN HERE?

WHY, NO... BLACK HOOD!



THAT'S FUNNY! BLOOD STAINS LED RIGHT TO THIS HOSPITAL! OH, WELL, THE DR. WOULD HAVE NO REASON TO LIE. I MUST HAVE LOST HIM AFTER ALL!

IF THE BLACK HOOD HAD BEEN PRESENT AT ANOTHER SCENE SEVERAL DAYS LATER, HE MIGHT HAVE CHANGED HIS MIND...



HOW'S THE PATIENT TODAY?

I HAD A CLOSE CALL, DOC, BUT YOU SURE PULLED ME THROUGH!... AND YOU DIDN'T SQUEAL TO THE COPS!

I RECOGNIZED YOU AS KILLER KANE, THE BIG TIME MOBSTER! AND I THINK WE CAN WORK OUT A SCHEME THAT WILL BE... ER... MUTUALLY PROFITABLE!

SO THAT'S IT! I THOUGHT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN IT FOR YOU!



AND SO THE ENSUING WEEKS ARE FILLED WITH STRANGE AND DARING CRIMES... ALL COMMITTED BY WHITE GARBED FIGURES OF INTERNES... AND AMBULANCES FOR GETAWAY CARS...



OKAY.. SHOOT!

VERY WELL! HERE'S MY PLAN!



THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

BOOM!



HAW, HAW.. DESE SAW-BONES UNIFORMS KIN GET US IN ANYWERES!

RAT-TAT-TAT

BANK



WHILE IN PRECINCT 71...

WITH THE COMMISSIONER RAISIN' CANE WITH ME ABOUT THIS CRIME WAVE, YOU GOTTA GIVE HIM A PARKIN' TICKET YET!

BUT HIS CAR WAS PARKED IN FRONT OF A FIRE PLUG, SERGEANT MC. GINTY!



... AND YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLING ME THAT IN TWENTYFIVE YEARS ON THE FORCE, YOU'VE ALWAYS DONE YOUR DUTY AS YOU SAW IT!

R-RING



WHAT'S THAT?

ANOTHER ROBBERY!



ROBBERY AT SMITH AND DALE STREETS! COME ON, BURLAND!

RIGHT WITH YOU, SARGE!



NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW A REAL COP... HEY!



THAT DUMB DODO IN THE AMBULANCE NEARLY HIT US!

SHALL I GO AFTER HIM?



NEVER MIND! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT ROBBERY! NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT MCGINTY LET A CROOK ESCAPE!

SECONDS LATER...



WHERE'S THE ROBBERY?

YOU'RE TOO LATE! THREE MEN, DRESSED LIKE DOCTORS' INTERNES, ROBBED THE BANK!



THEY DROVE OFF THAT WAY... IN AN AMBULANCE!

AN AMBULANCE?



THOSE MUST HAVE BEEN THE CROOKS THAT DROVE PAST US!

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KIP, PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER MENTION THIS TO A SOUL!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LET A CROOK ESCAPE!



LATER

I CHECKED THE HOSPITALS TO FIND WHERE THAT AMBULANCE CAME FROM

GOOD WORK, BOY! WHAT DID YOU FIND?



THE ONLY AMBULANCE THAT COULD HAVE BEEN NEAR THE BANK AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY CAME FROM DR. WALTER ANTHONY'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL...

THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!



THIS IS THE FASTEST CASE I'VE SOLVED IN MY TWENTY FIVE YEARS ON THE FORCE!

YES, SARGE!

THE COMMISSIONER WILL PROMOTE ME FOR THIS! I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU, TOO!

THAT SARGE!

YOU KNOW, I SUSPECTED THIS DR. ANTHONY RIGHT FROM THE FIRST MINUTE!

I'LL BET YOU DID, SARGE!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



YOU CAN'T GO IN! DR. ANTHONY'S EXAMINING A PATIENT!

I'LL CATCH HIM RED HANDED! OUT OF THE WAY!... KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY, BURL-AND!



GULP... THAT IS... I MEAN...

McGINTY! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



NOTHING! I THOUGHT... ER.. THIS HOSPITAL WAS A HIDEOUT FOR.. ER.. CRIMINALS! BUT Y YOU'RE NOT A C..CRIMINAL!

I SHOULD HOPE NOT! REMEMBER ME? I'M THE POLICE COMMISSIONER!!



GET OUT BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER COMPLETELY! OR I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR HEAD!

Y..YESSIR!



ALL YOUR FAULT! ANY FOOL COULD TELL DR. ANTHONY WAS INNOCENT! WELL... WE'LL TAKE IT AS WELL GO BACK!

I'LL WALK, SARGE! YOU GO AHEAD!



MINUTES LATER KIP BURLAND BECOMES THE BLACK HOOD...

I STILL THINK THERE'S SOMETHING CROOKED ABOUT THAT HOSPITAL!



SO I'LL PAY A VISIT AS THE BLACK HOOD!



QUIET PLEASE

VOICES! THEY'RE COMING FROM THAT ROOM!



THAT SURE WAS A SMART IDEA.. HAVING THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HERE AS A FRONT!

I RUN THIS PLACE AS A RESPECTABLE HOSPITAL!



SURE! BUT THAT AIN'T WHERE YOU MAKE YOUR PROFIT, EH DOC?

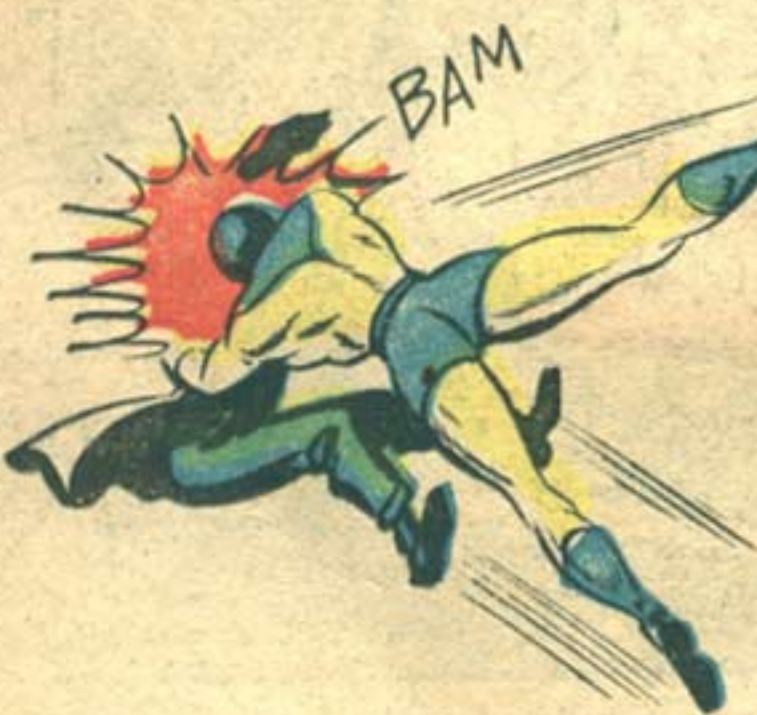
THIS MONEY MERELY ENABLES ME TO CARRY ON MY MEDICAL RESEARCH WITHOUT ANNOYING INTERRUPTION!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

THE BLACK HOOD!





DAILY BUGLE
HOSPITAL HIDEOUT SMASHED - COMMISSIONER DUPED
KILLER KANE AND GANG FIND DR. ANTHONY, A GUARDIAN ANGEL; ALL IN CUSTODY OF POLICE



END

ER.. I'M VERY SORRY, BUT MR. PLUNK'S TIED UP IN A CONFERENCE.. AND CAN'T BE DISTURBED!



Savage!

THE JERK! HE WOULD PICK A TIME LIKE THIS TO READ STEEL STERLING!



HEY!
COME BACK WITH MY COPY OF ZIP COMICS!

DOG POUND



M. L. J. "LEADS THE WAY"

THE CRIME CONFESSORS

RAGING FLOOD OUTSIDE WITH THE TURBULENT WATERS RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER! INSIDE, AN AIR-TIGHT ROOM, SAFE FROM THE SWIRLING TORRENT BUT WITH ONLY ENOUGH OXYGEN TO LAST A FEW HOURS AND THEN—DEATH! WITH THE GRIM REAPER AT YOUR ELBOW IN THIS HOPELESS TRAP, WOULD YOU CONFESS AS THESE HOPELESS THREE DID?—BARE YOUR SOUL AND RENOUNCE ALL EVIL IF BY CHANCE AND THE GRACE OF GOD YOU WERE SPARED? AND IF YOU WERE SPARED WOULD YOU UPHOLD YOUR NOBLE VOW? THAT WAS THE PUZZLE FACING **THE HANGMAN** AS FOUR TARNISHED SOULS Poured FORTH THEIR BLACKEST SECRETS AND SWORE TO REPENT---

BUT DID THEY?

B. F. UJE

HANGMAN



OUR STORY BEGINS AFTER DAYS OF VIOLENT STORMS IN WHICH THE MIGHTY RIVER BECOMES A RAGING FLOOD...



...TRAPPED BY THE DELUGE ARE BOB DICKERING AND THELMA GORDON...



GOOD LORD! THIS IS THE WORST FLOOD THE COUNTRY HAS EVER SEEN!

BOB! LOOK BEHIND YOU!

A GREAT WALL OF WATER SURGES FORWARD...

QUICK THEL, DOWN INTO THIS CHURCH BASEMENT! IT HAS WATERTIGHT DOORS!



WE'LL BE SAFE...UH.. I CAN'T CLOSE THE..

BOB WAIT...

LET US IN TOO, IN HEAVENS NAME!



FOUR BEDRAGGLED FIGURES STUMBLE IN...

OH, THANK GOD!

QUICK! SHUT THE DOOR!



THERE! OKAY, RELAX FOLKS! WE'RE SAFE NOW! WE CAN STAY A WEEK IF NECESSARY, TILL THE FLOOD SUBSIDES!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT THE... A PRIEST!

YES! I'M FATHER PAUL AND I WOULDN'T BE TOO OPTOMISTIC IF I WERE YOU!





BUT FATHER, WE HAVE PLENTY OF FOOD!

YOU FORGET MY SON, THIS ROOM IS AIR TIGHT! IN A FEW HOURS WE SHALL HAVE USED UP ALL THE OXYGEN! SEE... ALREADY MY FLAME FLICKERS!



WE'RE TRAPPED LIKE RATS! DAT FLOOD'LL LAST THREE MORE DAYS AND WE'LL BE DEAD... DEAD I TELL YA!

HEAVEN HELP US!



BE CALM, MY FRIENDS, AND HAVE FAITH! PERHAPS THE FLOOD WILL NOT LAST THAT LONG!



THE RIVER! IT'S COMING IN! IT'S OVER THE TOP OF THE FOUNDATION!

DRIP
DRIP
DRIP



STOP IT! THAT DRIPPING! IT'S DRIVING ME MAD!

STEADY, MY SON! COME, WE WILL FIND SOLACE IN HOLY SONG!



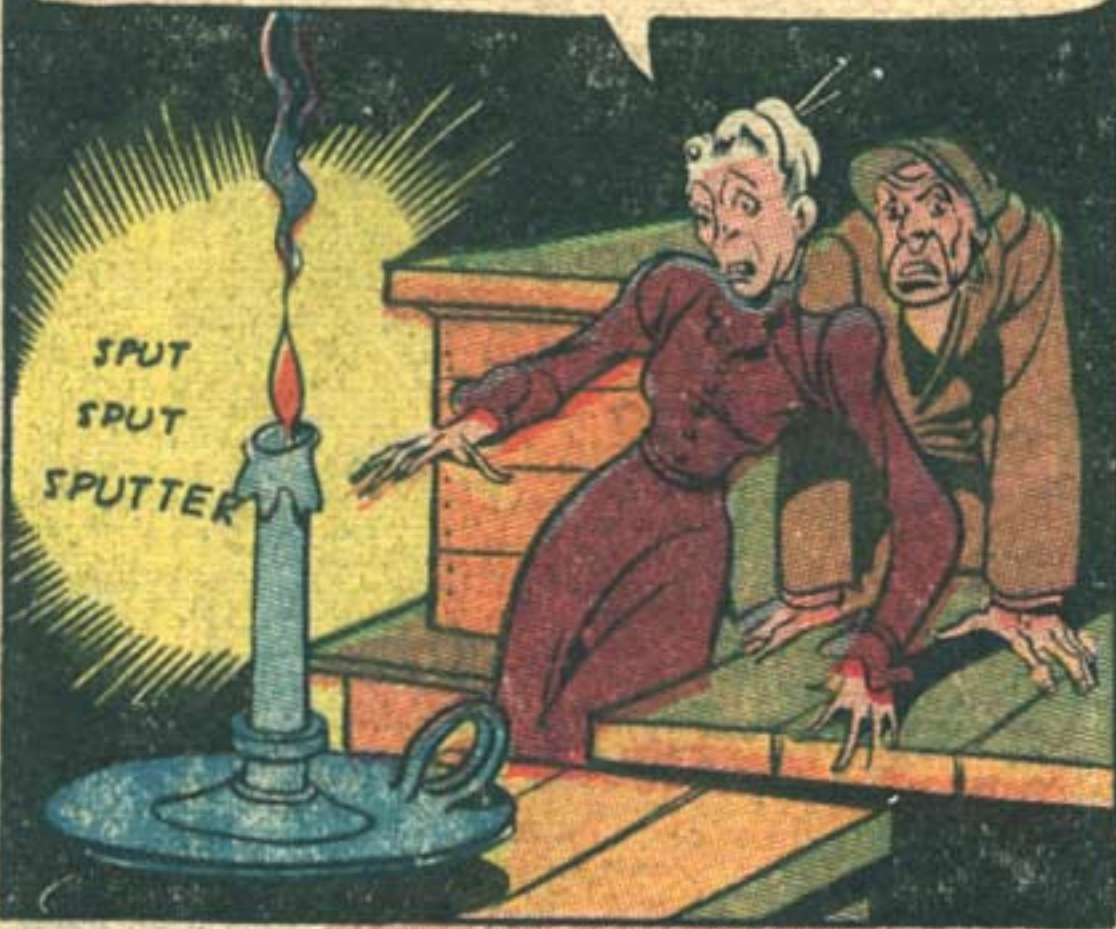
DO YOU THINK WE HAVE A CHANCE, BOB? I DON'T KNOW, THEL! I'LL... I'LL HAVE A LOOK!

NEARER, MY GOD TO THEE



GOOD GOSH! NOW IT'S STARTING TO TRICKLE UNDER THE DOOR, THE FLOOD MUST BE HIGHER THAN EVER!

LOOK! THE CANDLE! IT'S ALMOST OUT!
SOON WE WON'T HAVE ANY AIR TO
BREATHE! I...I... CAN FEEL IT...ALREADY.



OH, FATHER,
WHAT WILL
WE DO?

MY CHILDREN, SOON WE WILL
MEET OUR MAKER! COME
CONFESS YOUR SINS AND
FACE THE WORLD BEYOND
WITH A CLEAN SOUL!



ONE BY ONE, WITH DEATH AT
THEIR HEELS, THE TRAPPED ONES
CONFESS THEIR SINS...

FATHER, I AM ROGER
DALTON! A BUSINESS
MAN! I HOARDED
SUPPLIES...TIN...RUBBER,
BEEF... AND SOLD
IT ON THE BLACK
MARKET... I'VE BEEN
A ROTTEN...
I...I...

YOU SHALL
BE FOR-
GIVEN FOR
SEEING
THE LIGHT



YES, I DO SEE THE
LIGHT! IF BY SOME
MIRACLE OF GOD WE
SURVIVE, I WILL GIVE
AWAY ALL MY HOARD-
ED GOODS FREE I
SWEAR IT ON MY
SOUL!



FATHER, I AM PRUDENCE
PRIMM! A... A SPINSTER! I
LIVE ALONE WITH MY
SISTER AND PLANNED TO
KILL HER, OUT OF HATE!
OHH THE SHAME OF IT!



GOOD HEAVENS!
WHAT DOESN'T
COME OUT AT
A TIME LIKE
THIS!

THE OTHER TWO! I
WONDER IF THEY
HAVE ANYTHING ON
THEIR MINDS!



AND YOU, MY
SON! TO WHAT
EVILS DO YOU
CONFESS?

CONFESS? NUTS!
DIPPY DIRK, DAT'S
ME, ROBBER AND
MOIDERER! BUT I
AIN'T SORRY! SEE?

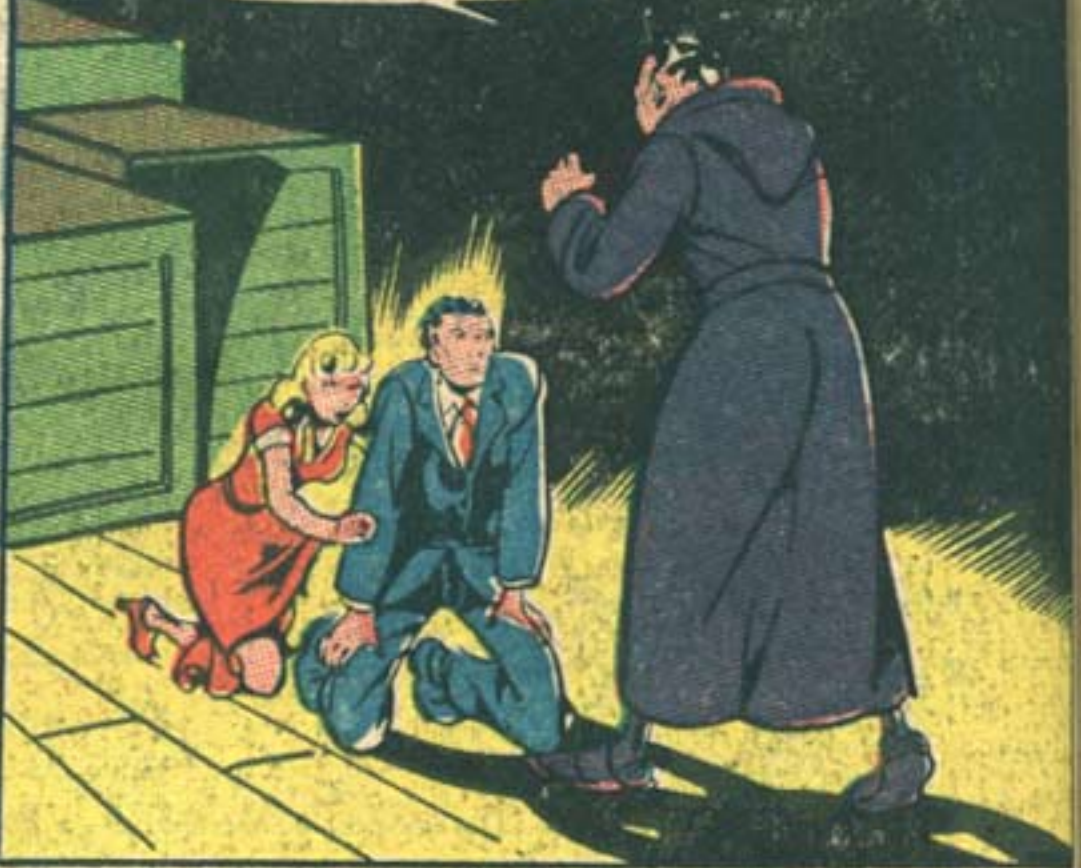


AN' IF I EVER GET OUTA DIS JOINT, I'LL GO RIGHT ON ROBBIN' AN' CHISELIN'! YOU CAN'T SCARE ME WID DIS CONFESSION BUNK!

THE ANGELS CAN ONLY WEEP, MY SON! A NON-PENITENT SOUL!



THERE IS LITTLE TIME, MY CHILDREN! WHATEVER YOUR RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS, COME, LET ME GIVE YOU MY BLESSINGS!



JUST THEN

WHAT'S DA USE O' WAITIN? YER ALL AFRAID TO DIE HA HA HA! BUT NOT ME! I'LL LET THE WATER IN AN' YOU'LL MEET YOUR MAKER! HA HA HA

YOU FOOL! STOP!



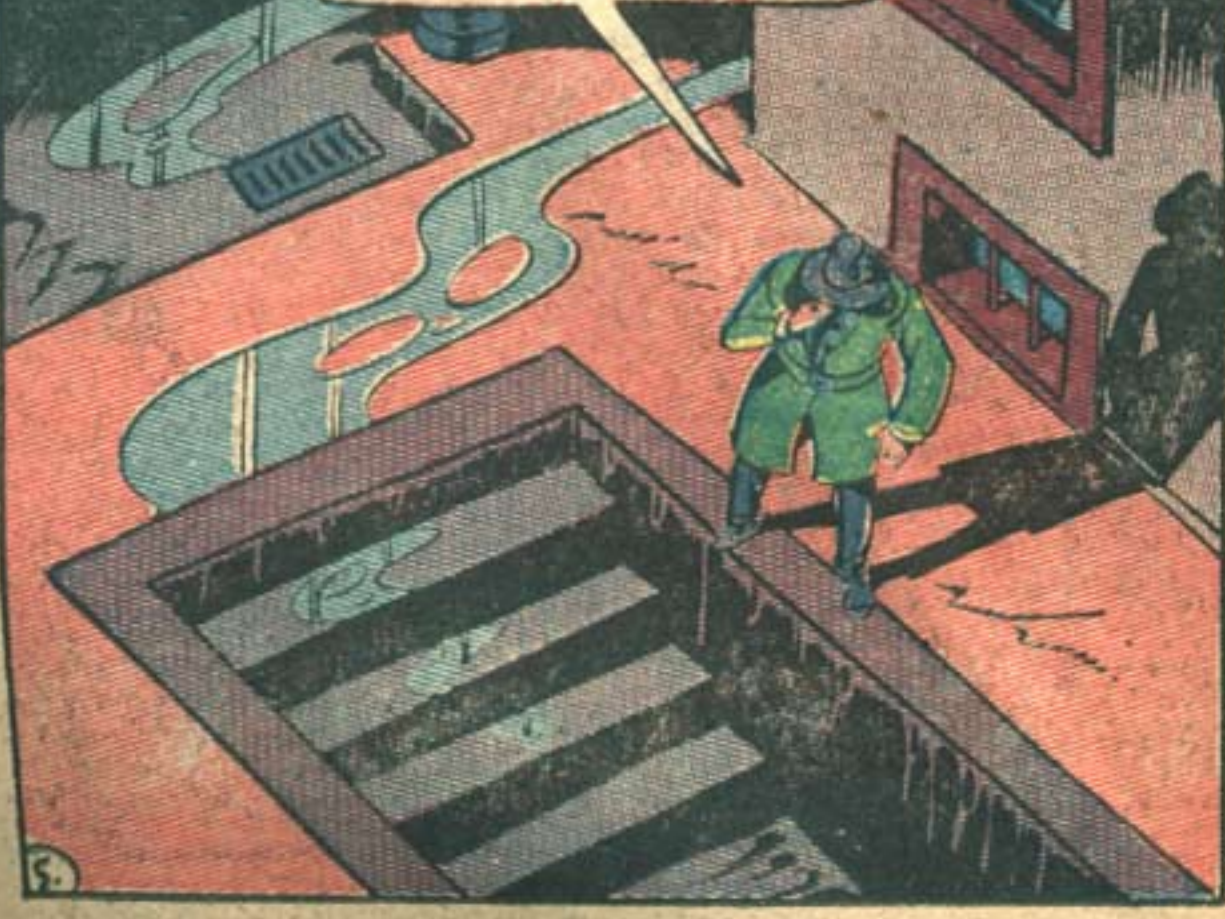
THE CRAZED GUNMAN SWINGS WIDE THE DOORS...

AND NOW... HUH? THE WATER! IT'S GONE

TH-THE FLOOD MUST BE OVER!



HEY, DOWN THERE! COME ON UP! THE FLOOD WENT DOWN HOURS AGO! IT'S SAFE NOW!



GREAT SCOTT! THEN ALL THE TIME WE WERE DOWN THERE CONFESSING, WE COULD HAVE OPENED THE DOOR AND WALKED OUT!



BUT IT WAS NOT IN VAIN, MY CHILDREN! YOU HAVE CLEANSED YOUR SOULS AND WILL FACE THE WORLD WITH RENEWED FAITH! GOOD BYE AND GOD BLESS YOU!



BUT HAVE THE CONFESSORS REALLY SEEN THE LIGHT AS THE ORDEAL PASSES AND THEY RETURN TO EVERYDAY LIFE...



OH JOY! HAVE I GOT A STORY TO WRITE "SINFUL SOULS CONFESS AND START LIFE ANEW"...

SEE YOU LATER, BOB!



BUT ALONE BOB TAKES ON HIS ROLE AS THE HANGMAN...

"STARTING LIFE ANEW", I WONDER! I THINK THE HANGMAN HAD BETTER HAVE A LOOK TO MAKE SURE!



AT THE HOME OF ROGER DALTON...

I NEVER KNEW HOW LUCKY I WAS TO BE ALIVE! AH! WHAT A PRETTY PENNY THIS STUFF WILL BRING ON THE BLACK MARKET!



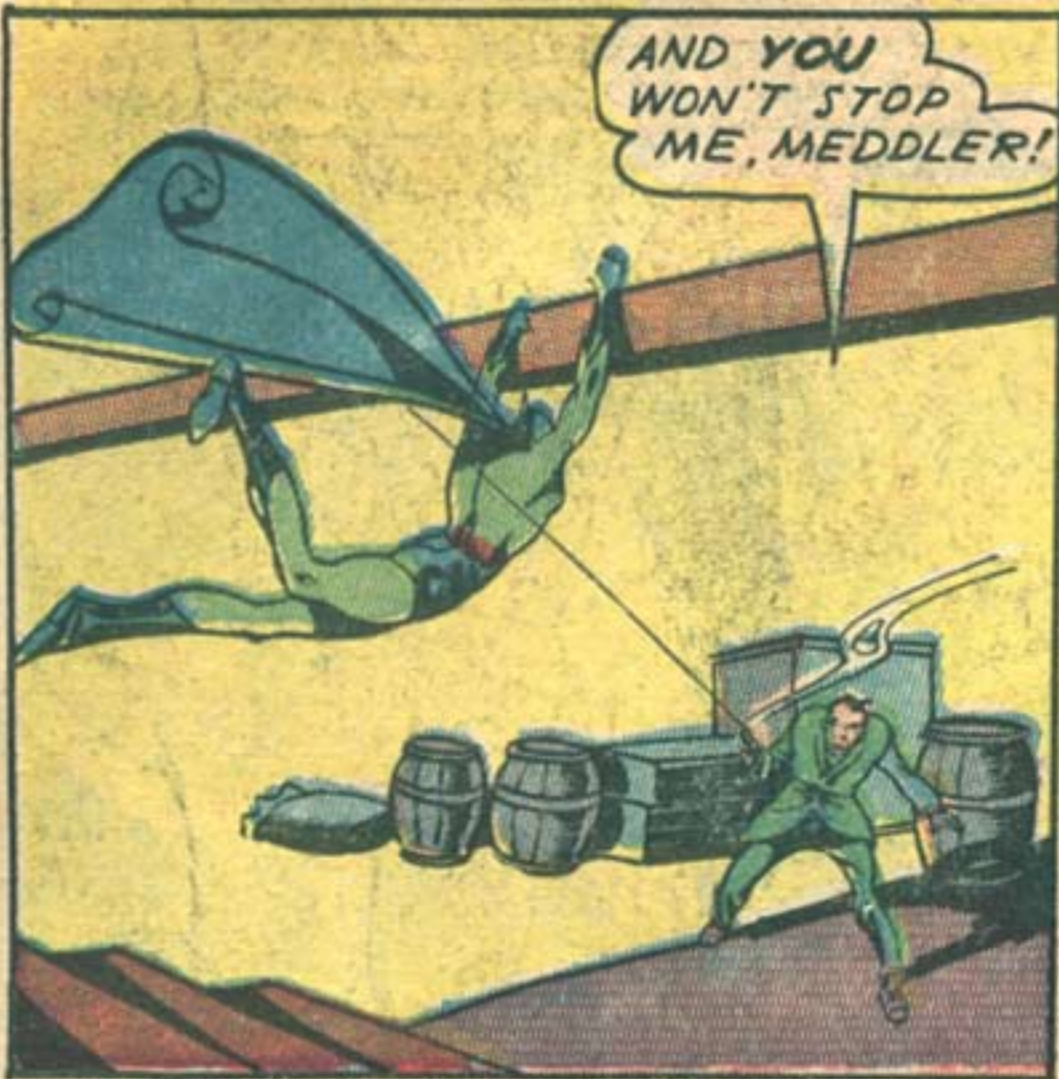
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR VOW, DALTON? TO GIVE BACK THESE ILL-GOTTEN GAINS!

TH-THE HANGMAN!



YOU MEAN GIVE IT AWAY? DON'T BE SILLY! WHAT I SAID TO FATHER PAUL WAS STUPID, CHILDISH! WHY I CAN SELL ALL THIS STUFF AND RETIRE FOR LIFE!





AND YOU WON'T STOP ME, MEDDLER!



MY FOOLISH FRIEND, YOUR NEXT CONFESSION WILL BE TO THE POLICE!

UGH!

POW



WHAT'S UP HANGMAN? WE HEARD SHOTS!

QUICK! ARREST ROGER DALTON AS A BLACK MARKETEEER!



I MUST WORK FAST! NOW TO FIND THE OTHERS!



AT THE LONELY HOME WHERE TWO SISTERS HAVE LIVED IN HATE FOR THIRTY YEARS!

THANK YOU, PRUDENCE DEAR! I WAS SO HAPPY WHEN YOU RETURNED!

YES, I COULD SEE YOUR FACE LIGHT UP WITH DISAPPOINTMENT! OH I HATE YOU!



OH, HOW I HATE YOU! BUT SOON YOU'LL DIE WHEN YOU SIP THAT POISONED TEA!



SUDDENLY

DON'T DRINK THAT!

WHA...

JUST AS I THOUGHT,
POISON!

I'M CALLING
THE POLICE!

HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO BESTIAL AND
HYPOCRITICAL? SWEARING TO DO RIGHT
AND THEN TURN RIGHT AROUND
AND BECOME WORSE THAN EVER?
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I'M LOSING
FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE!



NO TIME FOR MEDITATION!
THE HANGMAN HAS ONE
MORE TO DEAL WITH!

DIPPY DIRK, THAT DE-
PRAVED BEAST DIDN'T
REPENT SO HE'LL BE
WORSE THAN THE OTHERS.
I'LL SEE WHAT
HE'S UP TO!

SO, DIPPY, YOU'RE ALL
READY TO PULL ANOTHER
JOB? WELL, YOU'LL ANSWER
TO THE HANGMAN RIGHT
NOW!



HANGMAN, YOU'VE
GOT ME WRONG!

WRONG NOTHING!
I'LL, HUH!
LOOK AT DIS, CHUMP!
IT'S MY SIGNED CON-
FESSION TO ALL DA
CRIMES I PULLED
IN DA
PAST!

me, Alvin "Dippy"
Dirk, Confess to the
following crimes--
Main Bank -- Apr. 9
Slugging Watchman -- Apr. 9
Holdup -- Apr. 11
Shooting -- Apr. 12
Robbery -- Apr. 14



BUT I DON'T GET IT! WHY...

I BEEN T'INKIN' HANGMAN! ALL DEM PEOPLE CONFESSIN' DEIR SINS AND PROMISIN' TO REFORM. DEY KINDA MADE ME ASHAMED O' MESELF! SO I'M GIVIN' MYSELF UP. SCREWY. AIN'T IT?



YES! IT'S SCREWY DIPPY, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK! ALL THOSE SUPPOSEDLY RESPECTABLE PEOPLE ARE FAR WORSE CRIMINALS THAN YOU COULD EVER HOPE TO BE!

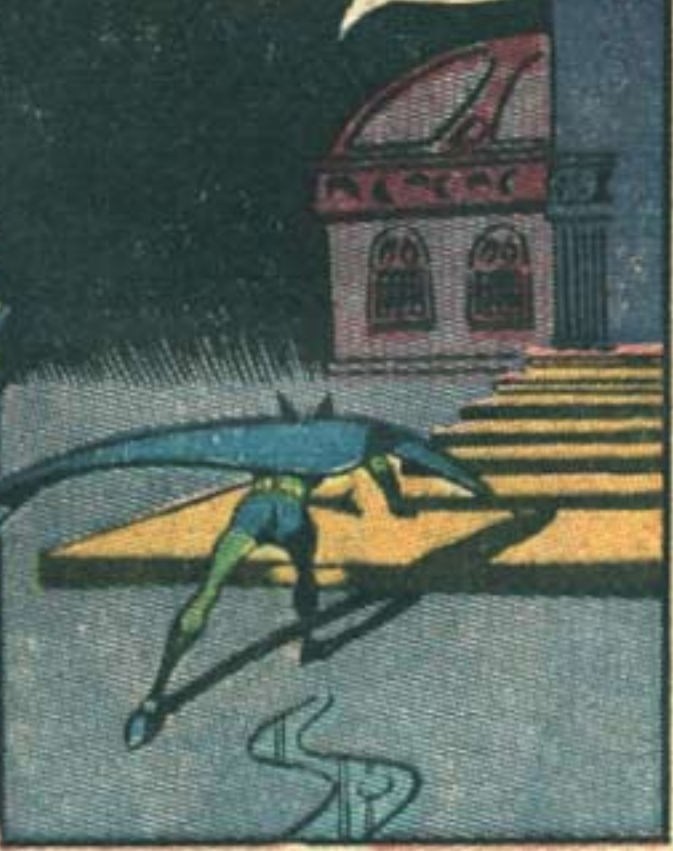


I'M GOING TO TRUST YOU TO KEEP YOUR WORD! YOU CAN BE SURE I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO HELP YOU!

T'ANKS HANGMAN, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!



I'M GOING TO TELL FATHER PAUL ABOUT DIPPY. HE'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW HE CONVERTED HIM...



YOU LOOK EGGSACKTLY LIKE DER REAL PRIEST HANS! IS EFFERTY'ING VORKING ACCORDING TO PLAN?

JA! IT WAS EASY KILLING THE REAL PRIEST AND DISGUIISING MYSELF AS HIM! BEING A FATHER CONFESSOR, I SHOULD GET PLENTY OF INFORMATION, EH HERR SCHMIDT!



SO! FATHER PAUL IS A NAZI SPY. EH!

THE HANGMAN!



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THIS POSE HAS BEEN GOING ON... BUT IT'S COMING TO A VERY QUICK END!



IF I CAN GET TO THE BELFRY, I CAN ESCAPE HIM!



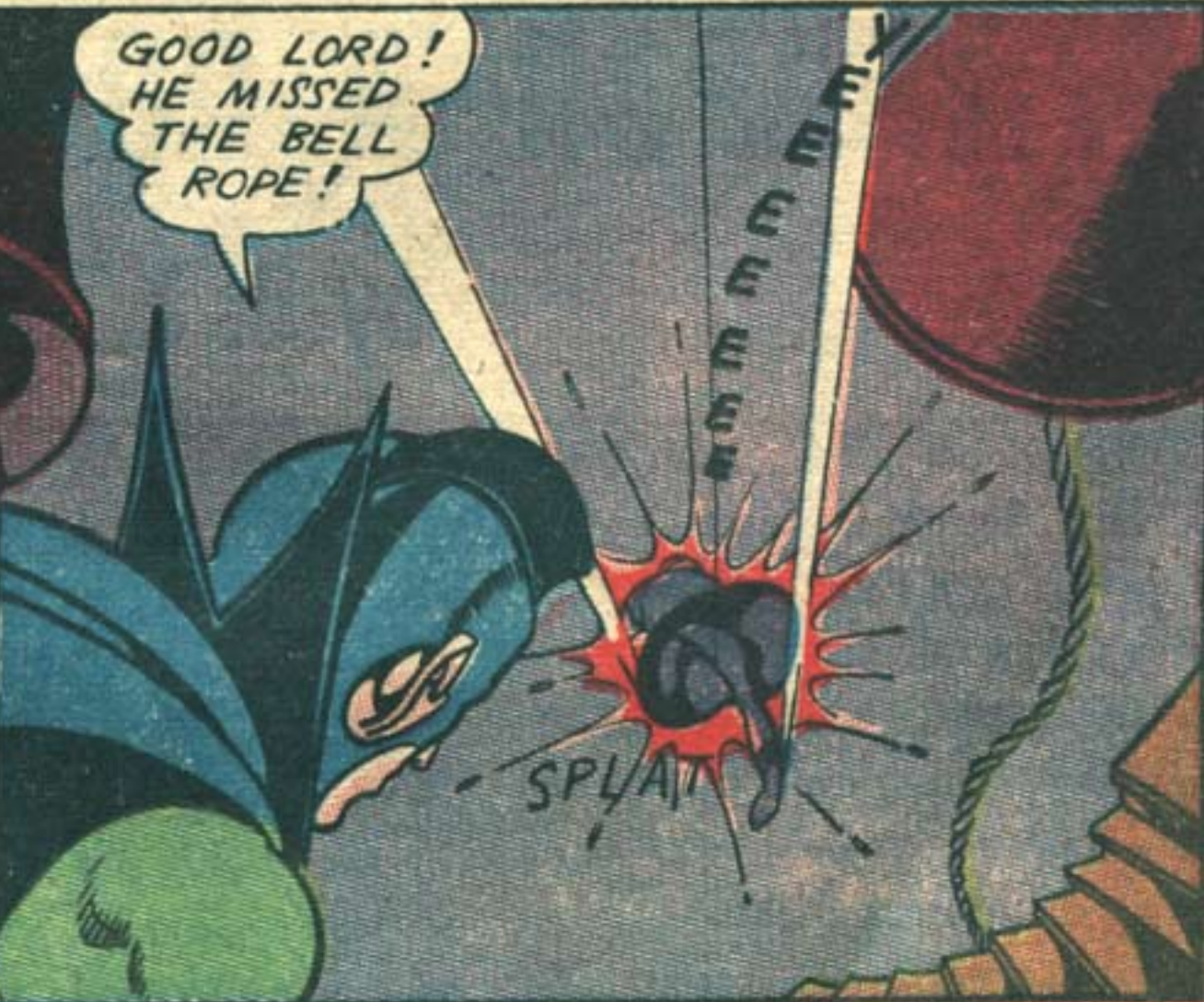
YOU'RE THROUGH, RAT! THE NEXT PIECE OF INFORMATION YOUR FUEHRER WILL GET FROM YOU IS YOU'LL BE SWINGING FROM A GALLOWES!



THE DEVIL TAKE YOU, HANGMAN! YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET! THEY'LL NEVER HANG ME!



GOOD LORD! HE MISSED THE BELL ROPE!



HE ESCAPED HANGING ALL RIGHT! BUT NOT THE WAY HE THOUGHT, BUT HERE'S ONE NECK THAT'S GOING TO BE STRECHED!



LATER.. AT THELMA'S NEWS-PAPER OFFICE...

HELLO BOB, I'M A LITTLE BUSY. NOW!

IF IT'S THAT CONFESSION STORY YOU'RE BUSY WITH THEL, I WOULDN'T WRITE IT UP IF I WERE YOU.



I'VE GOT A BETTER ONE FOR YOU.. AND FOR CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE! NO MATTER HOW THEY CLOAK THEIR CRIMES, THEIR PATHS LEAD TO ONE DIRECTION.... THE GALLOWES!





IS GERMANY'S SECRET WEAPON A ROCKET PLANE?

by R. L. Clough

THE rocket plane, both real and fictional, keeps cropping up from time to time. The idea of a sleek, stub-winged craft roaring through the heavens on a plume of smoke is intriguing to designers and fictional writers alike.

It is a fairly well-known fact that the Germans have applied booster rockets to some of its heavily loaded bombers and transports to assist in taking off. There seems to be two distinct variations to this idea. In the first, and probably most widely known method, a series of powder rockets are attached to the under side of the plane's wings. These are fired as soon as the ship begins to roll, thereby adding considerable thrust to the already over-taxed engines. The duration of the rocket-charges is of necessity rather short, perhaps no

more than five or ten seconds, but this is usually sufficient to boost the heavily loaded ship from the ground.

The other method, which I have reason to believe is not in such wide use, consists of a track, and a carriage to which a group of rockets are attached. The plane is lowered into a cradle upon the rail-car and its engines are opened wide. At a given signal, the rockets which propel the car are fired, simultaneous with the releasing of the gear which has held the plane stationary. This provides an enormous take-off spurt which will lift a much-overloaded bomber into the air, something which could not be done by the thrust of its engines alone.

The disadvantage of method number two are fairly obvious. The track must of course be

laid in one direction without permitting changes in the event of a cross-wind, unless, that is, several alternate tracks are laid. To do this increases the vulnerability of the take-off point to attacks by air. The only distinct advantage it has over the other method of rocket launching, is that the take-off is made with wheels retracted, greatly decreasing wind resistance, and further facilitating the take-off.

Since 1929 the Germans have been experimenting with rocket propulsion as applied to aircraft. The first attempts were mainly made with gliders, to which were affixed powder-rockets, similar to the kind the Coast Guard uses for signal purposes. Flights of up to five miles were made in crafts of this kind. The rockets were not used as a take-off impetus in

most cases as their duration was brief. The practice was to launch the gliders with shock cord, and use the rockets as power units after the ship was in the air. In nearly every instance these experiments were terminated by violent explosions. The rocket craze appeared to die out except in the hearts of a few ardent experimenters.

New fuels were developed, as were improved methods of burning them. Liquid oxygen and gasoline, liquid hydrogen and oxygen and combinations of other liquid and gaseous fuels were tried. One engine was developed which used powdered fuel, blown into its combustion chamber in the form of dust. Others, not only in Germany but all over the world, tried every conceivable method of applying reaction-thrust to all sorts of vehicles. Some believed that the overheating problem could be solved by intermittent explosions. That is a series of explosions, one after the other delivering a steady push. New alloys were developed to withstand the terrific heats developed in the reaction engines. Data was collected, data that would one day prove extremely useful.

The Americans and British have not been far behind, if indeed they are behind at all. Prof. Goddard's experiments in New Mexico with strato-rockets capable of 700 m.p.h. are familiar to all of us. Before the present war, rumors of a

fuel-oil burning rocket plane had leaked out of England. It had been developed by an officer of the R.A.F. Nothing has been heard of it since, but is it not logical that it may be under further improvement?

For a time in Austria there was a regular rocket-mail. The stamp with the winged rocket is familiar to stamp collectors the world over.

I had the opportunity to talk to a young Jewish refugee just before the outbreak of the war. Somehow or other the conversation switched to rockets. I was told very matter-of-factly that the Germans had been flying a rocket-propelled plane for some time. Nor were the rockets attached as an auxiliary unit. They were the sole propulsive force of the aircraft, no propeller of any kind was used, the take-off being supplied entirely by the rockets. This was in 1937. That was five years ago. It would seem that plenty of time has elapsed in which the plane might be perfected. The Me. 109 was developed from its prototypes in a matter of slightly less than three years.

The Germans are not ones to overlook any possibilities. If the rocket plane they built would fly at all, it would be capable of further exploitation.

The rocket plane would be a terrible weapon. It would be capable of speeds far in excess of present-day fighters. It would require no super-charging to operate in the stratosphere. For all practical purposes it would be silent, except

for a slight hiss. Because of the fact that a rocket engine develops power all out of proportion to its size it could either carry more fuel to increase its range, or a heavier payload of guns or bombs. It would be more invulnerable, the small size of the propelling unit would easily lend itself to better armoring. The wake of smoke and/or gases which it would trail would prove an effective deterrent to an opponent seeking to pick it off from behind. It would be capable of startling acceleration, performing maneuvers impossible to propeller-driven aircraft, such as diving straight up at speeds approached by regular fighters on the level.

Perhaps the Nazis have been hoarding just such a weapon against the time when it would be most sorely needed. The time may be approaching when they will pull such a weapon out of their bag of tricks. Perhaps it will take us by surprise. Perhaps it will not, for, don't forget that we have many smart rocket engineers on our side, who are not going to overlook such a possibility.

Yes, I think it is entirely within the bounds of reason to expect to see rocket planes developed during this conflict. It is the obvious answer to the propellers' nasty trick of losing efficiency at high speeds. The Nazis may try to slip a fast one over on us with their rockets. But . . . don't say I didn't warn you. . . . We might beat them to it.

THE BLACK HOOD

in

The little crime
that wasn't
there!

MAN
of
MYSTERY



Clem
&
Fenn

IN PRECINCT 71

SO, YA THINK THE WAY TO CATCH CROOKS IS WITH SCIENCE, HUH, KIP? FOLLOW ME!

OH, OH... THIS SOUNDS LIKE A LECTURE, SARGE!

YOU BET IT IS, PATROLMAN BURLAND! A LECTURE ON HOW TO CATCH CROOKS! AN' WE DIDN'T USE NO SCIENTIFIC HOTSY-POTSY NEITHER!

I JUST SENT A STRONG ARM SQUAD OUT WITH A LOT OF STURDY NIGHTSTICKS-- NOT FANCY THEORIES!

WELL, ONE OF MY FANCY "THEORIES" MIGHT DO YOU SOME GOOD NOW, SERGEANT MC. GINTY!

WHADDA YA MEAN?

WELL, THIS IS, DIP FINELLI, A VERY NIFTY PICK POCKET, RIGHT?

AND YOU PASSED PRETTY CLOSE TO HIM! SO.. PRESTO YOUR WATCH, SARGE!

PF-T-T-T
P.F-F-T-T-

TICK
TICK





DAGNABBIT, KIP!
I STILL SAY, AFTER
TWENTY FIVE
YEARS ON THE
FORCE....

R-R-RING!



WHAT?
YOU AGAIN!
NOW LOOK,
MRS. HAYMES,
YOUR NEPHEW
TOLD ME,...



WAIT A MINUTE,
MRS. HAYMES, ON
SECOND THOUGHT
I THINK I WILL
SEND A
MAN
OVER!



ALL RIGHT, KIP!
I'LL GIVE YOU A
CHANCE TO PROVE
YER SCIENTIFIC
HOTSY. POTSY!
I'M ASSIGNING
YOU TO SPECIAL
DUTY AT THE
BANQUET, AT THE
HAYMES MANSION!

FINE,
SARGE!
BUT HAS A
CRIME BEEN
COMMITTED?



EVERY TIME
THEY HAVE
THOSE BANQUETS
SHE SAYS HER
JEWELS ARE
ALWAYS BEIN'
STOLEN!

HMM--
I'LL FIND
THE CROOK,
ALL RIGHT!



HA-HA--IF YA DO,
I'LL PUSH A PEANUT
INTO THE COMMISSIONER'S
OFFICE WITH
ME NOSE!

I'LL HOLD
YOU TO
THAT BET,
SARGE!



I DON'T LIKE
THE WAY MC. GINTY
LAUGHED WHEN
HE SAID THAT!



OH, WELL, IF THERE'S A CROOK, I'LL FIND HIM!



MRS. HAYMES, PLEASE!

I'M MRS. HAYMES! WON'T YOU COME IN?



YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR GUESTS, MA'M, I'LL SEE NOTHING HAPPENS!

THANK YOU! BUT FIRST, YOU MUST COME IN, AND MEET MY GUESTS!



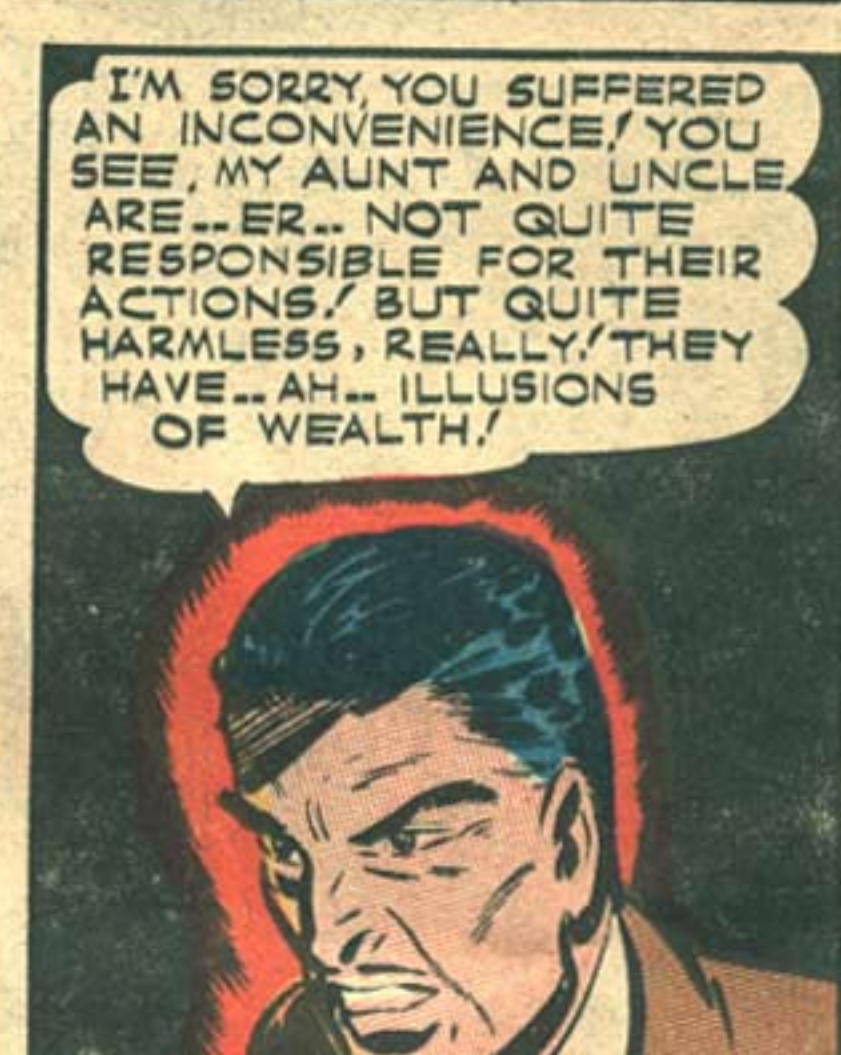
GULP!



WHERE ARE YOUR GUESTS, MRS. HAYMES?

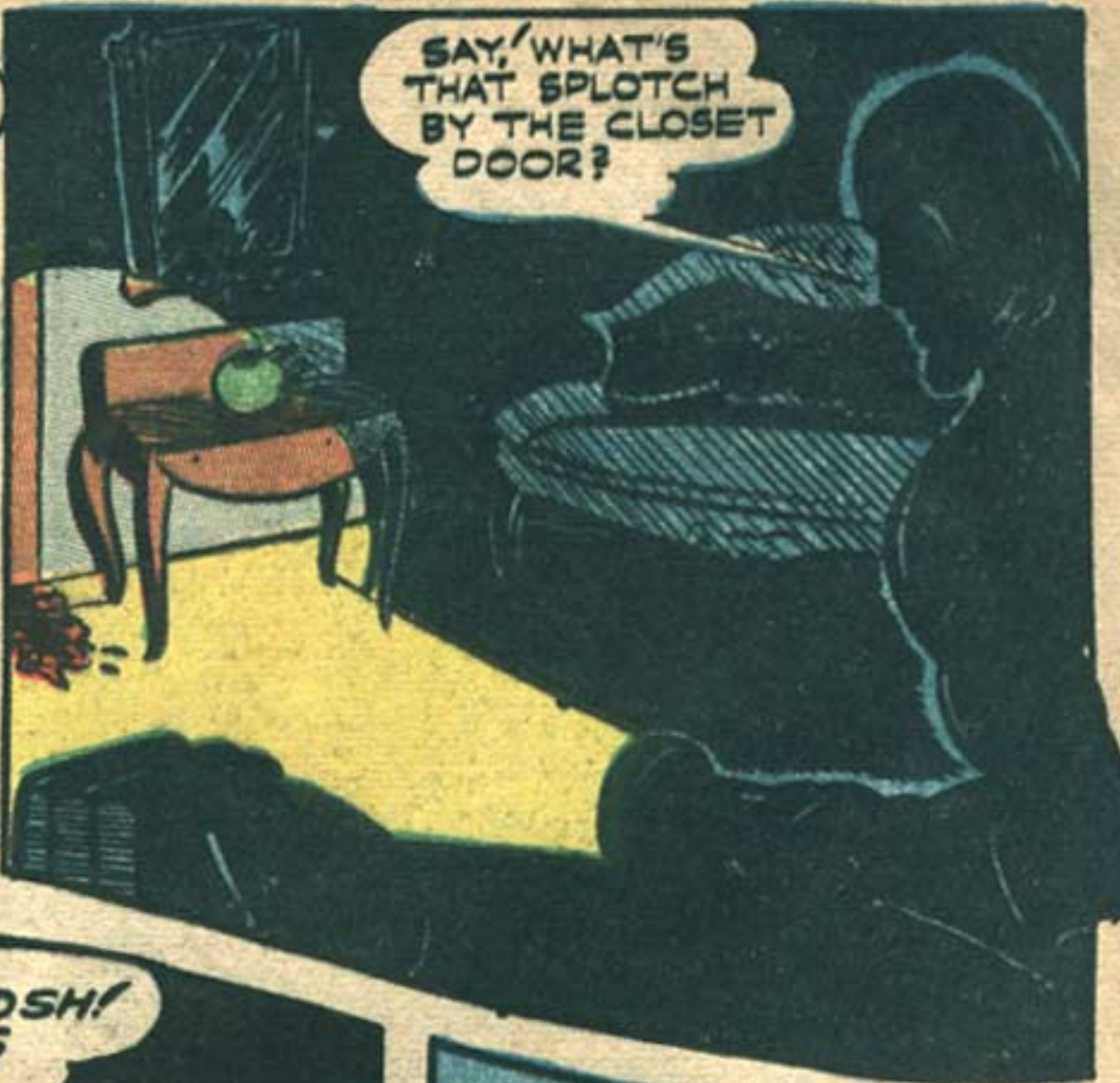


WHY, SITTING IN THEIR CHAIRS, OF COURSE! HERE ARE THE VAN PLYUSTERS, AND THE MELLONS, AND THE FRITCHIES! ALL VERY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE!





THIS IS THE ROOM, DIRECTLY OVER THE DINING TABLE, I FIGURE!



SAY, WHAT'S THAT SPLOTCH BY THE CLOSET DOOR?



BLOOD!



GOOD GOSH! A MAN'S BODY!



AND IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THIS IS MR. HAYMES!



THAT MEANS, MRS. HAYMES IS IN DEADLY DANGER TOO!



TOO LATE! THE MURDEROUS FIEND ALREADY GOT TO HER!



CRACK!



Ooo...
WHAT
HIT
ME?



I HIT YOU,
MR. BLACK
HOOD!

YOU, MURDERING
DOG! YOU
KILLED YOUR
HELPLESS
AUNT AND
UNCLE!



YES! I KILLED THE
INSANE OLD FOOLS!
FOR YEARS I LIVED WITH
THEM, KNOWING THAT
THEY HAD GREAT WEALTH
HIDDEN IN THIS HOUSE!
IDIOTIC AS THEY WERE,
I NEVER COULD GET
THEM TO REVEAL THE
HIDING PLACE!



I HIT ON
THE IDEA OF
LETTING THEM
GIVE THESE PHANTOM
PARTIES, KNOWING
THEY'D WEAR THEIR
BEST JEWELRY,
WHICH I *STOLE!*



BUT IT WAS
TOO SLOW A METHOD!
TONIGHT, I TRIED TO
WORM THE HIDING
PLACE OUT OF MY
UNCLE, BUT HE
WAS STUBBORN,
SO, I KILLED
HIM!



I WAS DETERMINED TO
GET THAT WEALTH TONIGHT,
AND WHEN MY AUNT
REFUSED TO TELL ME,
I KILLED HER TOO! NOW,
YOU'RE *NEXT!*
FAREWELL,
SNOOPER!



ABRUPTLY THE
HOOD TWISTS AWAY
FROM THE DOWN
PLUNGING KNIFE...

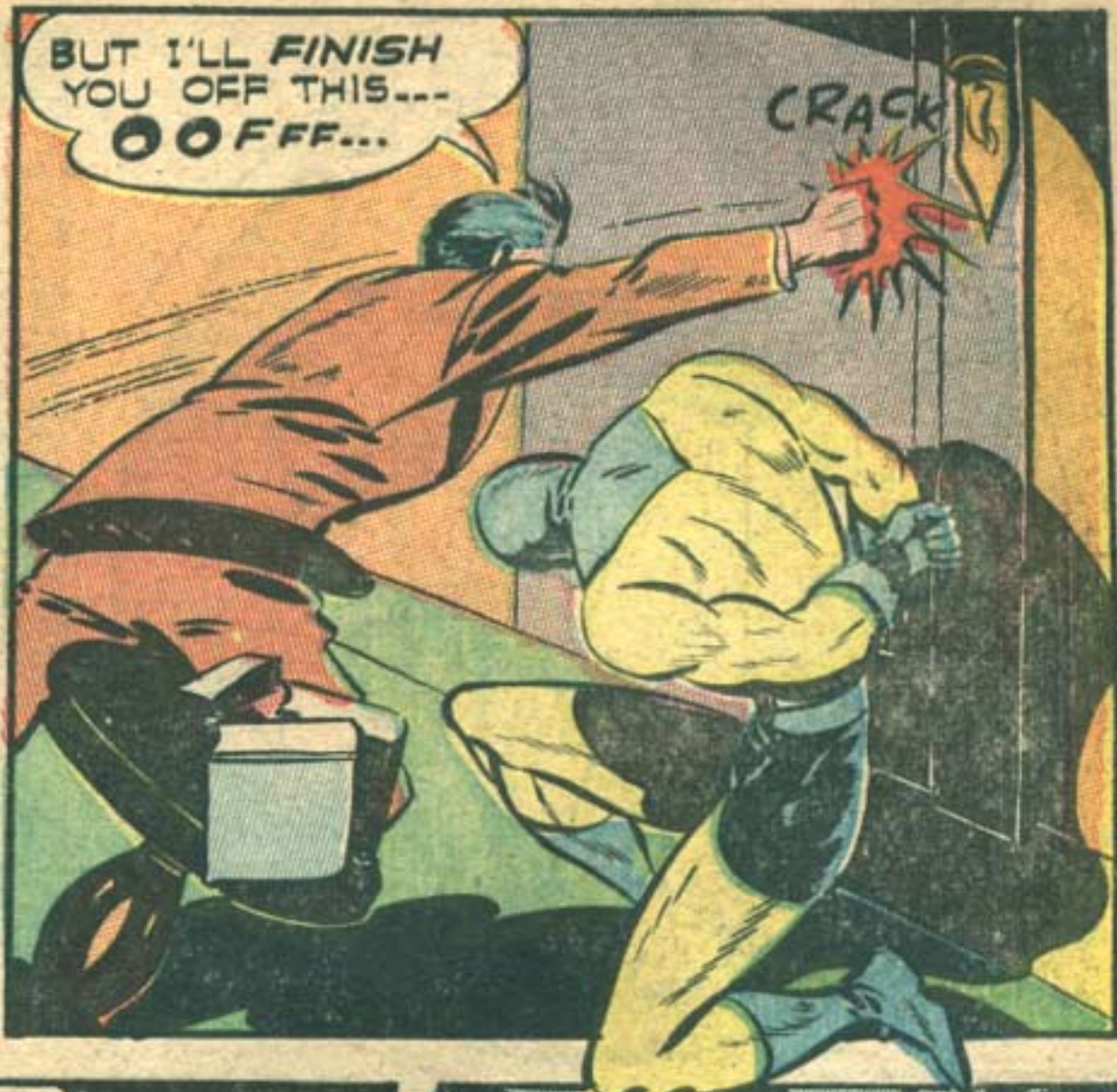


OOF



THE KNIFE!
IT'S MY
ONLY
CHANCE!

CURSE YOU,
AND YOUR
CLEVER TRICKS,
HOOD!



BUT I'LL FINISH
YOU OFF THIS...
OOFFF...

CRACK!



HELP! MY
HAND IS
STUCK!

NOW, ISN'T
THAT TOO
BAD!



WATCH THE
BIRDIE,
RAT!



WELL, I'LL BE...
HIS FIST CRACKED
OPEN THE
HIDING PLACE!



HAW, HAW... KIP SHOULD
BE COMIN' BACK ANY
MINUTE, WITH HIS TAIL
BETWEEN HIS
LEGS!



I'LL HAVE
THE LAUGH
ON HIM FER
A YEAR!
WHAT TH..

HIYA,
SARGE!



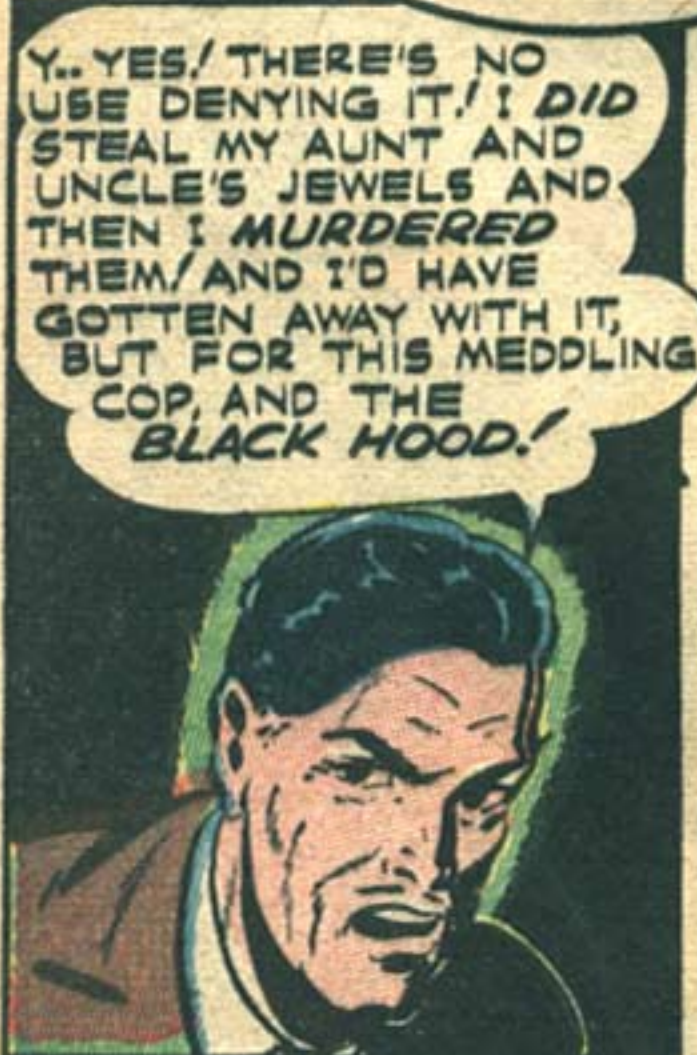
AN' WHO'S THIS GUY?

WHY, HE'S THE CROOK, YOU ASSIGNED ME TO GET, REMEMBER?



ONLY, BESIDES BEING A CROOK, HE'S A MURDERER AS WELL! THE **BLACK HOOD** CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED AND TURNED HIM OVER TO ME!

C'MON! SPEAK YOUR PIECE TO THE SARGE CHUM!



Y.. YES! THERE'S NO USE DENYING IT! I **DID** STEAL MY AUNT AND UNCLE'S JEWELS AND THEN I **MURDERED** THEM! AND I'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, BUT FOR THIS MEDDLING COP, AND THE **BLACK HOOD!**



THE SAINTS SMACK ME DOWN! THEN THEY WUZ GITTIN' THEIR JEWELS SWIPED ALL THE TIME!

THAT'S RIGHT!



TAKE THE BUM AWAY!

RIGHT, SARGE!!



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, KIP!

ER.. THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, SARGE !..

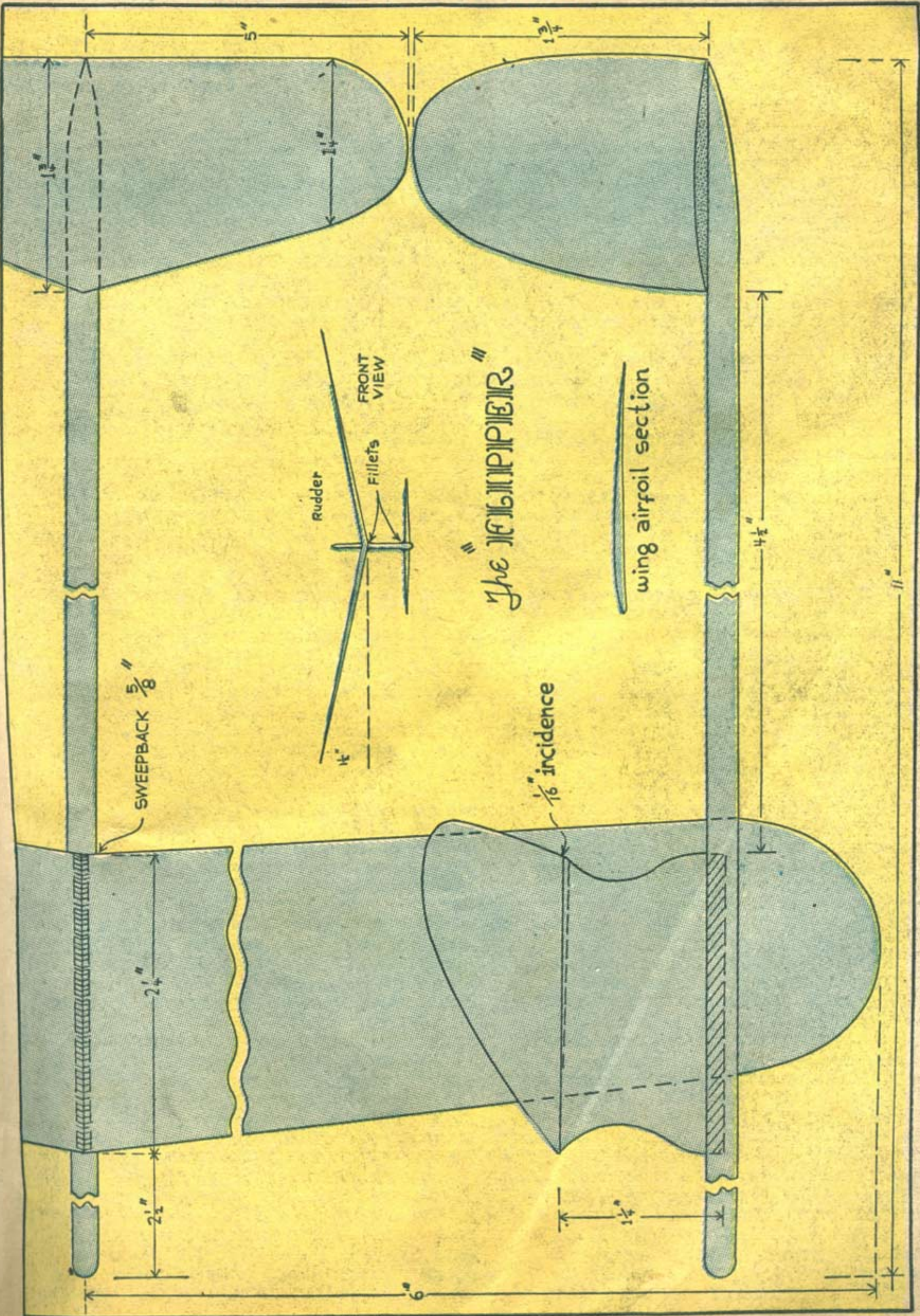


..BUT THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER OF A **BET** WE MADE.. REMEMBER?



COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

WHAT THE...!



HOW TO BUILD THE "FLIPPER"

THE "FLIPPER" IS AN EASY GLIDER TO BUILD AND WHEN CONSTRUCTED WITH A LITTLE CARE, TURNS IN CONSISTENTLY GOOD FLIGHTS. START BY SELECTING A HARD PIECE OF $\frac{1}{4}$ SQUARE FOR THE BODY. ROUND AND STREAMLINE IT EVERYWHERE EXCEPT WHERE THE PYLON AND TAIL GOES.

CUT OUT WING OUTLINE, SAND TO AN ACCURATE AIRFOIL SECTION. PUT IN SWEEPBACK AND TAPER WING FROM $2\frac{1}{4}$ AT CENTER TO $1\frac{1}{8}$ AT TIPS. PUT IN DIHEDRAL AND GLUE A STRIP OF GAUZE OVER CENTER SECTION. (NOT SHOWN IN DRAWING.) CONSTRUCT PYLON BY GLUEING TWO PIECES OF SIXTEENTH SHEET TOGETHER AT CROSS-GRAINS. CUT A SLOT IN THE FUSELAGE AND GLUE AND INSERT PYLON. GLUE WING TO TOP OF PYLON AND MAKE FILLETS OF SAWDUST AND GLUE WHERE WING MEETS PYLON, AND WHERE PYLON MEETS THE BODY. SAND PYLON TO STREAMLINE. ADD STABILIZER AND RUDDER AND GIVE ENTIRE GLIDER A THIN COAT OF GLUE. CARE MUST BE TAKEN TO KEEP SURFACES FROM WARPING WHILE GLUE IS DRYING. IT IS BEST TO PIN DOWN SURFACES SUCCESSIVELY. AFTER THIS, SAND THE GLIDER UNTIL EVERYTHING ON IT IS GLOSSY AND SMOOTH.

BALANCE WITH CLAY AT THE NOSE TO GET A FLAT GLIDE. WARP RUDDER TO LEFT (LOOKING FROM THE REAR) AND LAUNCH INTO THE WIND IN A SWIFT RIGHT BANK. IF YOU ARE LEFT-HANDED WARP RUDDER RIGHT AND LAUNCH OPPOSITE.

JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERSHIP LIST!

HERE'S HOW TO JOIN:

WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO JUNIOR FLYING CORPS, M.L.J. PUBLICATIONS, 241 CHURCH ST. NEW YORK CITY-- THEN WATCH BLACK HOOD COMICS, FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST...

HERBERT GINGER, HARTLAGE COURT, SHIRLEY KY.
EUGENE ROZENBURGH, 1876 MARMION AVE. BRONX, NY.
RICHARD BOZERMAN, 106 NORFOLK ST.
LEONARD BOZERMAN, 106 NORFOLK ST.
BILL HESKETT, 1147, N. PHILADELPHIA ST. DETROIT, MICH.
GENE KING, SEAGROVE, N.C. BOX 16
WALTER D. GINGER, HARTLAGE COURT, SHIRLEY, KY.
BOB W. SMITH, BOX 70 BELMONT BR. DOWNERS GROVE
EMMA HOWARD, 15 ALBANY AVE. B'KLYN, N.Y.
KENNETH BARBER, 19 ALBERTA ST. CHARLESTON, S.C.
BOB GRAHAM 8053 GRAND RIVER, DETROIT, MICH.
JACK POY, 316 SOLLIERS ST. LAKE CHARLES, LA.
CHARLES SIMMONS, 115 BROADUS AVE. GREENVILLE
JOHN W. PAUL, 65 SEAVIEW AVE. MALDEN, MASS.
PATRICIA BLAKELY, 605.6TH AVE. DAYTON, KY.
ALBERT L. ANDERSON, BRANDON, TEXAS
GLORIA DIFEDE, 1951 E. 9 ST. B'KLYN, N.Y.
ROCCO CINELLI, 11 N. STREET, WAPPINGERS FALLS, NY.
FRANK M. CONEY JR. 1843 EDDY, CHIKAGO, ILL.
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State of New York }
 County of New York }

I, Louis H. Silberkleit, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the above publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, entitled in section 527, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 169 West Broadway, New York City; Editor, Harry Shorten, 169 West Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, John L. Gohrman, 169 West Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 169 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M.L.J. Magazine (Partnership), 169 West Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 169 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Gohrman, 169 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Cowan, 169 West Broadway, New York City.

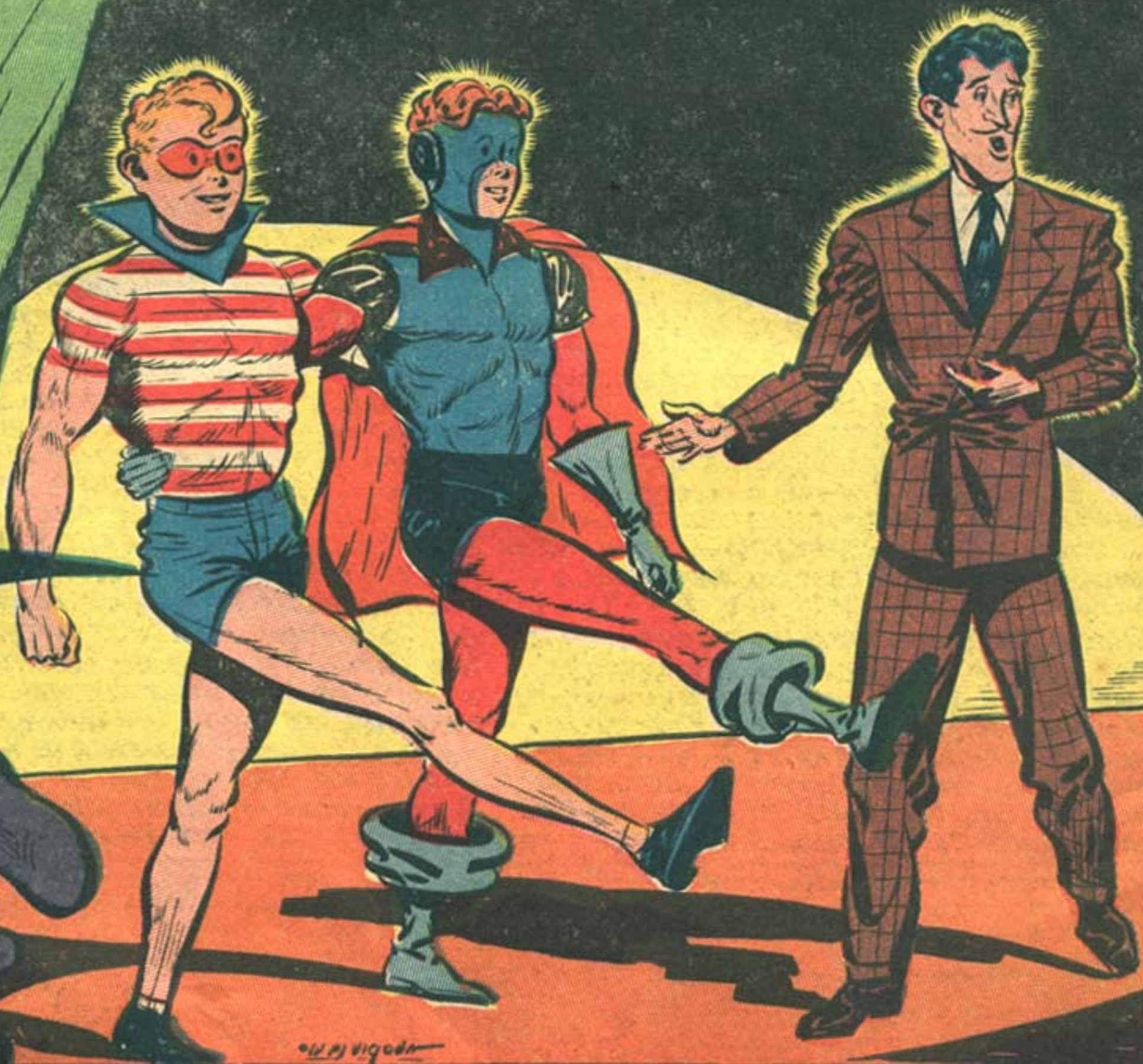
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT, Publisher
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1945.
 MALVINE COYNE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 28, 1946.)

ROY
and
DUSTY
in

BOY BUDDIES



OUR STORY BEGINS IN A SHABBY APARTMENT. THE OCCUPANTS ARE TWO MEN OF THE UNDERWORLD...CROOKS...

THAT CROONER, HANK HEERSATYER IS ARRIVING THIS AFTERNOON.. HAVE YOU GOT ALL THE PLANS CLEAR IN YOUR MIND?

SURE.. JACKSON!



WE JUST WALK INTO HIS APARTMENT.. STICK A GAT IN HIS FACE.. WE TAKE HIM BACK HERE.. AND THEN HOLD HIM FOR \$10,000 RANSOM.. HIS FANS WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET HIM BACK... THAT GUY IS CERTAINLY POPULAR WIT' THE WOMEN..



MEANWHILE.. IN A LARGE HOTEL IN THE CITY.

WE'D BETTER HURRY, DUSTY! THE SHIELD'S WAITING FOR US!

SAY.. ROY.. ISN'T THAT GUY HANK HEERSATYER THE CROONER? LET'S GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!

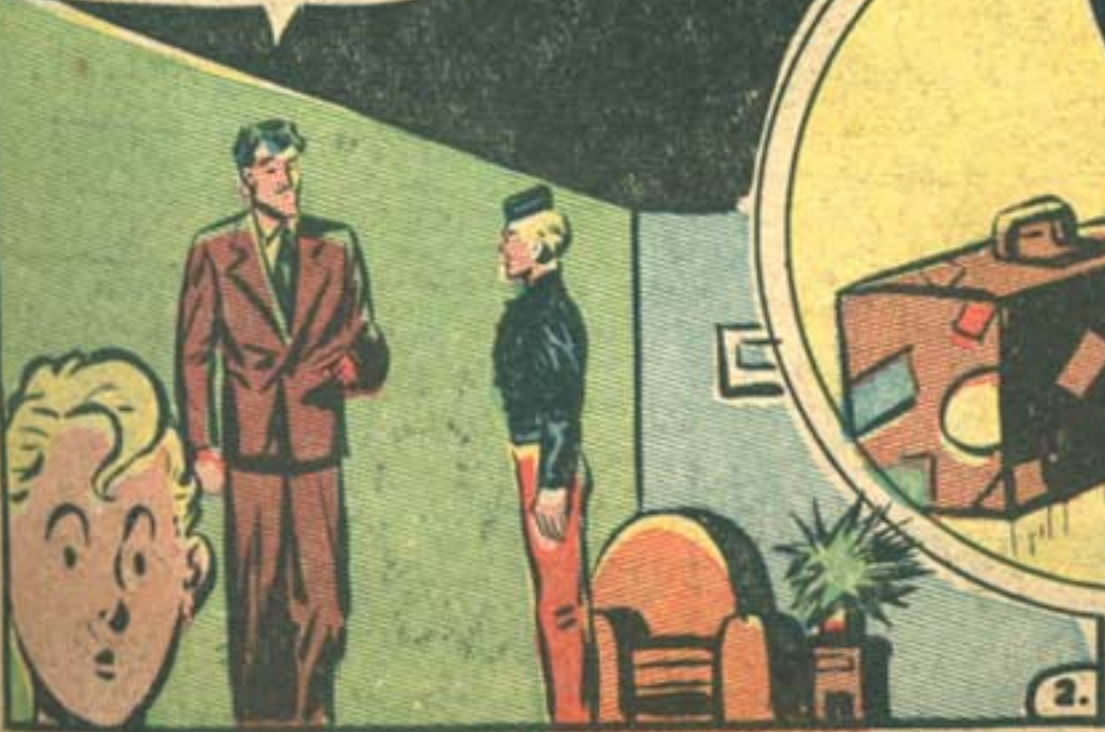


NO TIME FOR THAT.. YESSIR.. WE'RE CHECKING OUT.. HOW MUCH IS OUR BILL?



BOY.. THOSE ARE MY BAGS OVER THERE.. WILL YOU BRING THEM UP TO MY APARTMENT?

YESSIR.. MR. HEERSATYER!



C'MON ROY.. THERE'S OUR TAXI..



LATER THAT DAY...

WE'RE HERE TO GUARD MR. HEER-SATYER. WHAT'S HIS APARTMENT?

OH.. WHY THAT'S 4A SIR...

OKAY.. LET'S GO IN AND GET THIS OVER WIT..

4A

NO ONE HERE.. MUST BE IN THE BATHROOM.. I HEAR WATER RUNNING..

OH.. HERE YOU ARE.. STICK 'EM UP BUDDY..

EEEK!

PLOP

SUDDENLY..

Y.. YOU BRUTES.. LET ME GO! HELP!

HEY!

SPLASH

MEANWHILE..

WHERE'S MY TOOTHBRUSH? SAY THIS ISN'T MY BAG! WHAT TH... THIS VALISE BELONGS TO HANK HEER-SATYER! C'MON. LET'S GO!



HERE WE ARE!

HURRY! I'VE GOT IMPORTANT WAR PLANS IN THE BAG!

SCREECH



WHAT'S HEER-SATYER'S APARTMENT?

4A??

THANKS!



HERE, THIS IS IT..

KNOCK KNOCK



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND.. KIDDO?

THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE.. THIS IS MR. HEERSATYER'S BAG.. CAN I HAVE MINE BACK?



OKAY! ONE MINUTE!



HERE'S YOUR BAG.. NOW SCRAM!

THANK YOU SIR..



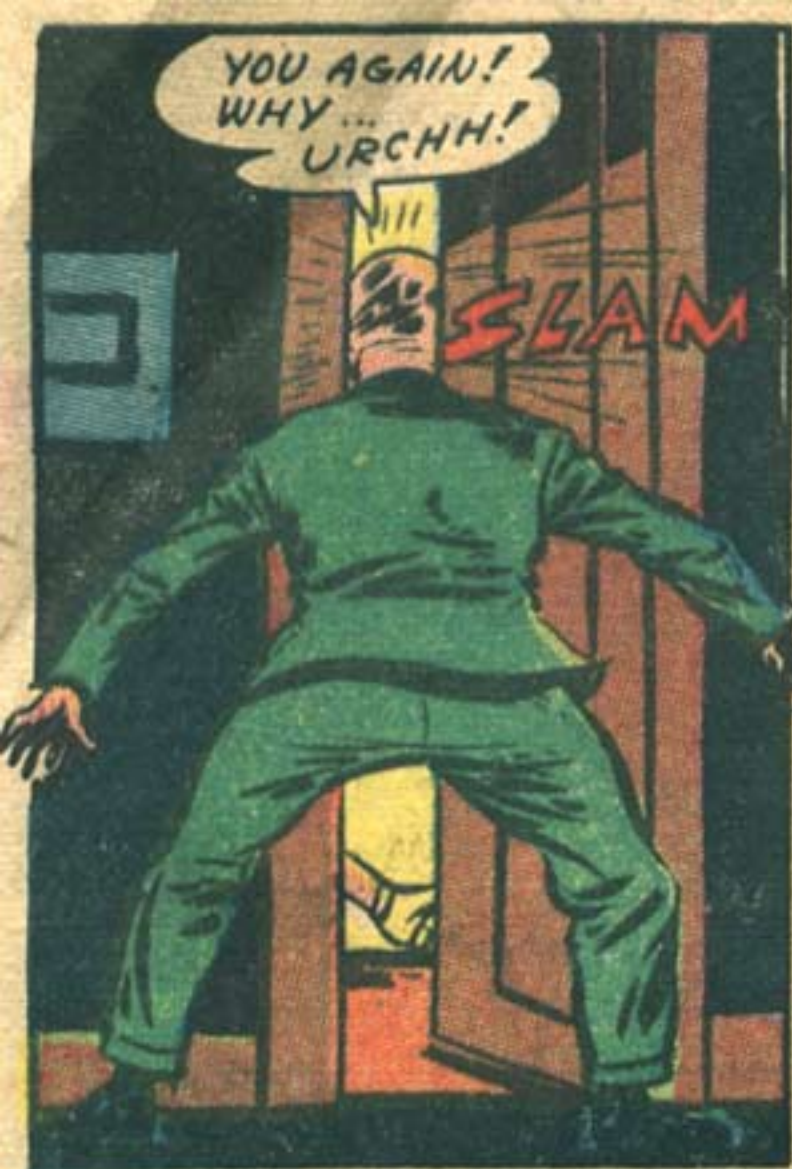
I DON'T LIKE THAT GUY'S FACE!

NO WONDER! THAT'S JACKSON GLEEP, THE CREEP. HE'S WANTED BY THE POLICE.. C'MON! INTO UNIFORM!



GET READY FOR ACTION.. HE'S PLENTY TOUGH!

KNOCK! KNOCK!





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